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PART XXX.

ON THE EXAGGERATIONS OF MODERN ART.

ONE characteristic of the present age is, that every body and every thing in it must be its own trumpeter, if it wishes to be known. That which cannot advertise itself is on its way to the undertaker's. The present is the period of puffs. Not that we are mourning over modern degeneracy: our ancestors were doubtless, in their way, as great humbugs as we are; there were as many solemn shams consecrated; there was at least as much swindling and fraud a hundred years ago as now; but still there are relics of that age which show that it was free from some of the characteristic evils of our own. Take, for instance, that almost extinct species of thing, the old-established respectable shop. Most of us can probably remember some dingy cobweb-wreathed warehouse, in some narrow street or court, where our mothers bought their tea, or their candles, or their silks; where some quiet Mr. Oldboy dispensed solid goods, over a solid counter, for a solid price; where there was no brisk young man, in the costume of a curate, to importune you into buying what you did not want; but where you were served by the master himself, and gravely asked about the welfare of all your household and kindred, to whom you were desired to present the good man's compliments. Year by year these old houses drop off, one by one: Mr. Oldboy dies, and young Hopeful has no notion of letting his capital germinate so slowly, though so surely and respectably; or he finds that his old customers are being filched from him by the temptation of the astoundingly sacrificial prices of some advertising firm; and so, in mere self-defence, he paints his shop-front pea-green, and keeps an advertising poet. He finds that the taste of the times has changed. Brides no longer buy a silk thicker than a tablet of veneer, which, when fashioned into a dress, has no difficulty in standing on end alone, and which lasts an ordinary life; no woman

of any pretension can think now of appearing twice in public in the same dress. But for such ephemeral use what quality is requisite? or what fortune could suffice for such a perpetual renewing of expensive material? We must, therefore, now seek the cheap instead of the dear, and the flimsy for the solid; and make up, by frequent rebuilding, for the original want of solidity. So there will be more buying, more selling, more business, more bustle, more novelty, more ease in production, more copiousness, more small change; but nothing monumental, nothing grand, nothing calculated to live and delight future generations.

And the change which has come over the nature of the shop is only a type of the similar revolution which has modified literature and art. Art and literature have become ephemeral, as much as our terrace-architecture, our mousselines-de-laine, and our thin boots. We cannot, like our fathers of a former age, spend all our lives in looking at one prospect, at one picture, or at one book; we must have locomotion, exhibitions, circulating-libraries, and news-rooms. Touch and go is our motto, peep and pass on, take a sip and leave the heel-tap. We look to our circulating-library for our weekly supply of new books with the same punctuality that we look to our newsman for our daily *Times*. As we use our magazines and periodicals, skim them through, and throw them aside for ever, so we do our books. They are only periodicals, whose intervals of reappearance are unknown; they are not regular planets, but comets of uncalculated orbits, which in substance, though perhaps not in form, have probably been often presented to the world before, and will be presented again. No man is now a person of one book, any more than a woman is a person of one dress. That octogenarian lady, our grandmother—(you may see by her portrait, taken when she was a young beauty, that she has on the identical flowered gown in which she was married, altered as often as the fashions have changed)—our grandmother studies *Don Quixote* only; our grandfather is a devotee of *Hudibras*; yonder old man swears by Shakespeare, and reads no one else; that one, again, is a Shandean, and acknowledges no philosophy which is not to be found in Sterne. Men in old days studied their one book, as the weatherwise studies the clouds, or the sailor his ship, till they became as familiar with it as men are now with the prospect from their dressing-room window, with their Straduaris, or with their wife. Their mouths were full of it; and they could quote it as a divine can quote the Bible. The writers of books were obliged to cater for this taste of their readers; there was then no sensitive market for literary speculators to

watch and to rig; no variations of "confidence in poetry," of "animated or sluggish demand" for satire, of alternate depression and improvement in the sale of bon-mots; no Publishers' Circular, to tell writers how "law moves off very slowly, theology is more inquired after, and the better qualities have improved a little; how philosophy commands more attention, very little is passing in metaphysics, and other articles are held with more firmness." In those days, a man whose end was fame, not money, wrote for the readers of one book; he tried to create an interesting and intelligent companion for a person who would remain faithful to his society, not a flaunting morning visitor; and he took care to present composite, and varied, and lifelike characters, to be particular in detail, and to sacrifice all that was merely noise and clamour to true melody and natural pathos. Men wrote one book, as Ordericus Vitalis compressed the observation of a whole life into his Ecclesiastical History; authors wrote for the study, not for the rail; artists painted pictures for the altar, not for the gallery. Neither their books nor their pictures were intended to be glanced at and forgotten, to be no sooner tasted than to pall on the taste, and to require an oblivion of years before they could be successfully reproduced: they were intended to form the mind, and to live in the memory and the heart. But the writers of modern books, and the painters of modern pictures, must needs endow their productions with the virtues of a successful touter; they must dress them out in brilliant and gaudy covers, or in a painted frame; they must give them a loud voice, a share of importunate impudence, some striking and startling novelty of attitude, of expression, of colour, or of subject, if they want them to draw attention. The book or the picture must catch the eye at any price; no man can afford to create a work which must be known in order to be appreciated, which may gradually win its way and grow upon you, but cannot arrest your attention. The book or the picture must be its own advertisement, must blow its own trumpet, must promise more than it can perform, must fill the eyes, stun the ears, assault the judgment, and capture the sentiments by storm. Hence comes the necessity for that exaggeration in modern art on which it is our intention in this paper to make a few remarks.

Most people have seen—if not at table, at least in some museum—a specimen of a lobster with one monstrous claw; there may be another, bearing the proportion of a snipe's bill to a pair of garden-shears, the sole use of which appears to be to act as a foil to its overgrown brother, and to increase his majesty by the contrast of its own puny dimensions. The

productions of modern art seem to us to be very generally such one-clawed lobsters. As there are artists who spend all their lives in delineating one effect of nature, or one single object; who have the power of representing but one phase of life, one passion, even one expression, one simper; so there are authors who seek to give their books unity and simplicity by allowing each person whom they describe one sole characteristic; by reducing every one who figures in their plot to the impersonation of a virtue or a vice, of some mental whim, or some oddity of expression; by making hero and heroine, and every subordinate character, a mere walking abstraction. Neither painters nor authors have arrived yet at the point of representing the persons they describe as all eye, all ear, or all hand; but they have for a long time been attempting to refine their processes of analysis and separation, till now a man comes out from their factory as a most extraordinary phenomenon. No longer a forked carrot with a head fantastically carved, he is a mere stick, for he has lost both fork and head; he is simply a lengthy roll of some virtue or of some vice, a yard of love of progress, or of regret for antiquity, of pride of ancestry, or of universal benevolence; an attempt at the impersonation of one idea, resulting in an abstraction that cannot possibly live or breathe. Elder writers felt how unhuman such figures were, and therefore, in their apologues, whenever they wished to paint a character with but one characteristic, they presented it always under a bestial form; for they felt that they could not, in accordance with artistic propriety and natural truth, call that a man which was all cunning, and nothing else,—which was all cruelty, all stupidity, all majesty, or all brag; so they represented such inorganic characters under their more proper forms, as beasts,—as foxes, wolves, asses, lions, or cocks. For animals, though they have not a soul, seem to have some part of a soul, and are therefore proper for these partial and exclusive demonstrations of single qualities, which seem to constitute the highest flights of the powers of our modern literary anatomists and analysts. Single virtues and single vices, separate whimsies and oddities of carriage and behaviour, are much better and more completely studied in the simple nature of animals than in the complex and inscrutable composition of the human soul. A man with but one point, one quality, one characteristic, is an animal; writers who describe such characters describe not men but beasts; and this remark does not apply only to the lower qualities of the soul. Pascal somewhere says profoundly, “*Qui veut faire l’ange fait la bête*”—he who strives to represent the incorporeal simplicity of the angel draws a beast

instead of what he intends. "*Trasumanar significar per verba non si poria*," says Dante: we have no words to express more than human qualities; that which is more than man beggars our powers both of thought and expression; try to reach it by simplifying humanity, and the result is not more but less than man. "*È morto uomo, ed è rimasto bestia*"—as man it is dead, and it remains beast.

Not that we wish to deny that the eye of the artist does in some way simplify nature; with sure instinct, it leads him to select the most interesting object, to purify it from irrelevant matter, to give it a definite outline, and to present it to the public as an elegant extract from the every-day scenes of this familiar world; while the public, on their part, recognise it both as new and as old, and wonder how they could have been so blind as to overlook this aspect of a thing which has, in other forms, been so long well known to them. But with all this isolating and simplifying power, the eye of the artist is not a simple lens; he does not read the page of nature with a mere magnifying-glass, that raises one or two letters of the text to a gigantic size, leaving all the rest in a state of hopeless confusion: his lens is compound, fit to preserve the harmony and articulation of parts, whether he uses it for microscopic or telescopic purposes. And here comes in the difference between the artist and the mere naturalist. The scientific student of nature may, if he has the fancy, confine his attention to one detail; he may write a monograph on cats' elbows or bats' gizzards, if he has the will; he may magnify this detail, and neglect all the rest: this is certainly an isolation, a simplification; but it is not the isolation and the simplification which art requires. The object of the artist is to present a whole; that which he takes away and omits is only that which he judges to be foreign and extraneous to the totality and completeness of the thing which he wishes to represent—is only that which would injure the unity and simplicity of the whole required, by introducing a multiplicity and confusion which are not involved in its idea, and are foreign to its nature. An object one of whose details is unnaturally exaggerated is no longer an artistic whole; it may do very well for a naturalist studious of the detail in question; but considered with reference to art it is an absurdity. It is a lobster with a portentous claw.

Every object in nature conceals some idea, or rather ideal being, which it is the artist's privilege to disclose. But he cannot draw the veil, or dissipate the obscurity which covers it, simply by exaggerating some salient limb of the object. He is to render it more clear by placing it in a more trans-

parent atmosphere, by simplifying and attenuating the veil which hides it. But this process does not amount to a complete abstraction, to a perfect simplification. The ideal must still have some covering; the soul cannot be exhibited without body; mind must be carried in some material vehicle. We cannot feed on concentrated essences, nor can the taste be nourished on simple qualities. When art tries to banish body, it merely exaggerates parts of body; the true aim of art is to express moral beauty by means of physical beauty; physical form is its direct subject-matter, a form which by its proportion and harmony is beautiful in itself, and is symbolic or suggestive of a deeper beauty: without this symbolism of soul by body, without this proportion, there is no artistic beauty, and therefore no art.

Art, therefore, does not strive to strip from the ideal its corporeal and natural form, but to purify the form, so as to represent the ideal in a clear and pellucid manner. It carves its image of amber, so that we may be able to see the complex machinery within; and it is in the composition of this machinery that the calibre of the artist best discloses itself. Some will make their image a vessel to be filled with an *omnium gatherum* of small observations, scraps from richer men's tables, a collection of Puseyite scruples and infinitesimal distinctions, a pocketful of natural specimens gathered in a morning's ramble, "a nest, a toad, a fungus, and a flower," jumbled all together without an attempt at arrangement, from too great fear of simplification; as if Nature, because she is so rich and various, had not also unity of plan and subordination of parts; as if the events of one day made a connected history; as if a statistical list of things added to things could be poetry. Nevertheless, there is a certain amount of satisfaction in such works, though we cannot call them artistic. They may give us a passing view of a scene as in a camera obscura, though they explain neither its antecedents nor its consequences. We do not know what it all means, why this is here rather than that; yet we recognise the details as excerpts from nature—

" Pretty in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms :
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there."*

In nature there is always something which we cannot explain. In all characters there is some inconsistency, some contradiction; but it does not therefore follow that a col-

* Pope.

lection of inconsistencies is natural, any more than that in order to be true you must be unintelligible. This is the mistake of the class of artists we have just alluded to. But the mistake of the opposite school is still more contrary to nature and to truth; the great features of nature and of life are not

“Shallow brooks, that flowed so clear,
The top the bottom did appear :”*

the simplicity of real things is not such that the human intellect can see through it. He who presents us with such representations of things presents us with nothing, or with foolish exaggerations,—with lobsters having one monstrous claw. What a shallow philosophy it was of Bolingbroke’s and of Pope’s, to reduce all a man’s conduct to the different manifestations of one ruling passion—to find one and the same motive in the most opposite actions! The mistake is as great in art as it is in philosophy. No doubt the chief person in a tale or a play should have his chief characteristic; his nature should be well-marked; but no one quality should be exaggerated at the expense of the others which must conspire to form a human being. Simplicity characterises the lowest animals: the most inferior forms have no distinct organ except a digestive cavity; they have no perceptible blood-vessels, no lungs, no heart; they are watery, pulpy, slimy things, without articulation, or accentuation, or firmness. How different is the aim and idea of such a prince among writers as Cervantes from that of modern scribblers! Don Quixote is assuredly a man of one idea, if ever there was such a person; but what charming minor characteristics, what natural inconsistencies, what consistent contradictions, what unexpected phases, does the writer know how to bring to light with “obstetric hand” almost comparable to that of dædal Nature herself! And in the end what a wonderfully complex character is produced; what a real *man*, what a perfect gentleman, what a delightful character, does the poor crazed knight turn out to be! And then the inimitable Sancho! Some writers would have made him a mere clown, consistent in his stupidity; but what a multifarious medley does Cervantes make him! and how much more natural and charming a portrait is his, with his simplicity and shrewdness, his speculation and honesty, his idleness and industry, his humility and conceit, and all the wonderful contradictions of his character, than any of those transparent folks that people modern novels, and whose whole characters you may see at one glance! So

* Dryden.

with Shakespeare's characters. With the same subtlety of distinction with which he draws Juliet's nurse at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest, he paints also his more varied and more gifted personages. The unfathomable Hamlet, Antony the strongest and the weakest of men, Lear, Iago, Coriolanus, are all real specimens of humanity, whom the moral philosopher may study in their sobriety, and the psychologist in their madness. They are not merely chapters of Theophrastus, incarnate in the transparent moonshine bodies of Dickens's conventional men and women.

When the author's aim is to present a picture of manners rather than of character, we do not deny that this simplification of the actors is consistent with the highest style of such a form of art. For instance, *Fabiola* is certainly a masterpiece, which describes to us the manners of a class and of an age, without developing the striking individualities of typical characters. The interest of the story does not turn, and evidently was not intended to turn, on the development of individual portraits, but on the plot, and on the historical representation of the life of a certain period of the Church. It describes the "Church of the Catacombs," and only uses the persons as the necessary means for such description, not as ends, in whose portraits the interest of the tale was to centre. We have often amused ourselves with observing with what simplicity the characters of this book are made, each as he is introduced, to manifest his whole soul, and by means of a few words and touches to turn himself inside out for the inspection of the reader, so that we know from the first what kind of person each will eventually turn out to be. We are not blaming the book for this; we only point out that it is a tale of manners rather than of character. Shakespeare himself sometimes wrote in this form. He would sometimes relinquish that magic power which he possessed—that art of the dervish in the *Arabian Nights*, who could throw his soul into another man's body, and take possession of his whole mind,—Shakespeare would sometimes forego this art, in order to present us with a picture of manners. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is one of the most amusing of his plays, is a perfect masterpiece; though we hardly know a bit more of human nature and of the workings of the individual heart when we rise from its perusal than we did when we sat down. So we must expect it to be in all tales that are written for any didactic purpose; to exhibit history, or manners, or opinions, or arguments, instead of the development of character. When a writer in the *Rambler* lately wished to exhibit what he knew

of "life in the cloister," he had no hesitation in painting one of these "lobsters with one claw" in the person of Sir Reginald, with his one and only idea, that of ancestral grandeur.

The foregoing thoughts occurred to us in the course of a rapid journey through Belgium, when we took a glance at the railway library of novels, and at the new paintings which we saw in a few churches. Having, as we hope our readers will allow us to say, somewhat of a religioso-philosophic turn of mind, we passed over such unpromising titles as *Geneviève*, or *the History of a Servant Girl*, though from the pen of the poetical Lamartine himself; *Nights in Paris*; *Rouge et Noir*; *Memoirs of a Conspirator*; *The Mistresses of Paris*. *The Confidential Secrets of Mademoiselle Mars* had no attractions for us; and we pitched upon *A Conversion*, by the Count de Raousset-Boulbon. And a very good bull he is too, if we may judge from the calf-hood of his progeny. The book contains the story of a dissipated young man, who is converted, and who saves his family by marrying a cousin. The conversion itself is a strange one; it quite sets at naught Horace's axiom, "*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*"—"A change of climate is no change of mind." On the contrary, the author assures us "external impressions are nearly always sovereign over our ideas; it is for this reason that the same man can be at the same time good at Falaise and bad at Paris." This perhaps might be true if the same man *could* be both in Normandy and in Paris at the same time; but for persons who lack that miraculous property of bilocation we are disposed to dispute the necessary identity of locomotion and change of heart; not to mention the other objection, that if the hero's conversion was so easily operated, it did not require all the machinery of a novel to produce it,—it might have been more surely and briefly executed by putting him under lock and key in Normandy. But the author had to fill a certain number of pages, and was therefore obliged to eschew the straight road, and to "waddle obliquely to the mark" through the devious paths of his various scenes. For the purpose of making these scenes, persons are requisite; and as simplification and analysis is part of a Frenchman's nature, no wonder that each person should be one of our single-clawed lobsters. The business of the book consists in the subordinates boiling the chief lobster, and changing his colour from black to brick-dust, from monstrous iniquity to a faint and dubious respectability. He is first introduced to us as one of the "golden youth" of the Parisian boulevards, whose occupation it is "to turn night into day, to devour at one feast enough to feed a hundred families (!), never to open a book, to reject

every serious thought, to dangle at the heels of Cyprians, to lounge at the opera, to try on new clothes, and to keep a horse." In the "sweating labour" of bearing this idleness he is aided and abetted by a M. de St. Lambert, who is described as "depravity in varnished boots,"—a thin, tall, blond man, with delicate moustaches; a man as soft as honey in appearance, but in reality a bar of iron; a person of extraordinary talents, but with a universal contempt for man and woman, God and devil; elegant, witty, gentlemanly, and an accomplished duellist. In such company the hero is of course plucked as clean as a lobster can be; but he preserves his honour; he scrupulously pays his debts, and remains a beggar. Nevertheless, the providence of his biographer has furnished him with very convenient relations: there is an aunt, a canoness, with but one idea, that of the importance of preserving the family by marrying our scapegrace to some heiress; there is also a he-cousin, with no thought beyond the importance of his house: he has a single daughter, whom the canoness easily engages him to destine for the penniless profligate whom she patronises; then there is the daughter herself,—ye gods, what an awful young lady!—so Gothic, so heraldic, so stiff, so mediæval, that nothing but the pencil of a Cimabue could do justice to her contorted graces; a woman who could not possibly live in any house that was not as big, as arched, as fretted with niches, as accentuated with pinnacles and buttresses as a cathedral; a person who cannot read in any book but a black-letter folio bound in worm-eaten wood, with massive metal clasps, vellum pages, and heraldic illuminations; a woman who knows every thing, and yet is not a blue; who talks about literature, history, painting, architecture, travels, and scientific discoveries, and poses every professor in his own region by her own encyclopædic erudition; whose every idea is elevated into the highest regions of thought, and expressed in the style of the great masters of French writing. However, it is not this portentous female that becomes the wife of the hero, though she is a great instrument of his conversion; the hymeneal lot is reserved for Clara, another cousin, of a different mould, but in her way as titanic in her blonde loveliness as her dark-eyed beetle-browed predecessor is in her masculine mind. The conclusion of the book presents us with the ex-roué philandering all day with his wife beneath the oleanders, playing the piano with her, leading the most regular, religious, and respectable life, and having no other tastes, joys, or desires, than those of Clara! Wonderful transformation, and wonderful story! enough to make a sensible man go to sleep standing, and to read with his nose glued to the book.

The new specimens of religious art that we saw in Belgium—we repeat, that we only took a hasty glance—pleased us no better than the literary wares that the contrabandists had smuggled across the French frontier. The few new pictures that we saw were either of the thunder-and-lightning or of the plum-pudding style; both of which are corruptions of the great national school of Rubens; as in turn his, with all its splendour, is in many respects a corruption of that of Michael Angelo. The great Florentine sought the titanically energetic; he attempted to express greatness of mind by greatness of body, and would make prophets and sibyls deliver their oracles with the action of a Milo rending an oak. But all his Titans are ideal—they are demi-gods; nothing in them smells of vulgar earth; and of all that we have seen in Italy, no vision adheres more firmly to our imagination than the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Rubens imitated Michael Angelo in his first principle, namely, that of expressing mental emotions through the muscular action of the body rather than by the tone of the face; but he was a naturalist, and would not idealise any thing; so his energy is rather that of the drunken pugilist than of the Titan. Clumsy and ugly, though most life-like, arms and legs are thrown about with the most outrageous energy to express ordinary mental states; and drapery is daubed and pitchforked on in cloudy masses, heavy enough to resist the motive power of a hurricane, to express dignity and wealth.

From these exaggerations of Rubens our thunderers and our plum-pudding boilers have drawn their inspiration. We will describe a picture which we saw of the former school, the subject of which was the Four Doctors of the Church. In the middle of the canvas St. Gregory the Pope was seated on his chair; a venerable man, crowned with the tiara, with eyes so deeply sunk that nothing but the black holes where they had earthed could be distinguished, with white beard and moustache veiling the abyss of the mouth, and descending, probably under the influence of a current of wind, towards the left knee; his hands and arms extended with such preternatural exertion, that we might think the blessing he was dispensing weighed at least a ton; the ends of the fingers and thumbs starting out of the canvas as if they were about to gouge out the eyes of the spectator; the body disposed on the chair not upright, as ordinary Christians are wont to sit, especially when engaged in any ecclesiastical ceremony, but diagonally; the drapery on the bust (dis)arranged in folds that rushed cornerwise half-across the picture, then made a sudden return to indicate the knees, then rushed back over the legs in the

same direction as at first, making the whole figure strongly resemble a Hebrew lamed, or rather a conventional flash of lightning, and appear by its position to be reposing on a whirlwind instead of an ordinary chair, in which no man could keep himself in such a permanent state of unrest. Behind this would-be Titan, but real acrobat, St. Jerome stood, his cardinal's robe fluttering wildly, while with one hand he pointed to the Pope as if to indicate a thief, and clasped the other violently over his bosom, apparently for the purpose of aiding his eyes to start from his head in their eager gaze towards the skies. On the right of the picture stood St. Augustine, showing his face in profile, covered with a mitre, overwhelmed beneath a cope as big as six blankets, but doing nothing in particular except furnishing a foundation for a dark mass of colour; while on the left sat St. Ambrose on the bare ground, clad in full pontificals (except that the artist had unaccountably omitted all mention of shoes, stockings, or trousers), gulping down ponderous words from an enormous folio which he was balancing with his hands on his knees, while his toes were turned upwards, and the muscles of the calves of his legs developed, as if those limbs were being employed in holding on to a greased pole, which the owner of them was climbing, bent upon unhoarding the much-needed breeches which were suspended from the top, the prize of the man who could reach them. The effect of the whole picture was wonderfully heightened by a slap-dash manner, apparently the result of the artist's having flicked on his colours with a horsewhip, instead of having laid them on by the more sober process of the brush.

We need not describe any specimen of the plum-pudding school of art; suffice it to say, that in this style the same *négligé* air is affected, though the means employed to arrive at the end are different. The colours look as if they were thrown on by handfuls, and trampled out into their proper width by the splay feet of the artist's household; hence the masses are rounded and blurred, not streaked in like lightning-flashes. The attitudes of the figures are not less constrained and melodramatic, but the method of conveying the same ideas is different from that of the former school; one employs oblique lines, the other accidental curves. The styles are, however, compatible with each other, and we have seen both successfully employed in the same canvas.

This species of pictorial art corresponds accurately to the literary exaggeration which we have been criticising. Who would not at once recognise it as the proper method of illustrating Mr. Dickens's tales? With all that gentleman's talents,

even perhaps genius, who does not perceive in his works a straining out of one idea, a violent grasping at unity of character, which makes all his persons only fragments of men and women? One virtue is allotted to one, and one vice to another; and these poor masqueraders cannot speak or act but in direct reference to the character which the 'Twelfth-night lottery has bestowed upon them. One is the mouth-piece of universal benevolence, another of universal selfishness; another has one stereotyped way of telling lies, or of uttering jokes: each is as distinct as one of the animal interlocutors in *Æsop's Fables*; each is an excellent representative of some typical idea, but each as unlike a real human being as his *Æsopean* prototype. It is the old story; analysis and abstraction may give philosophy, but they cannot give life:

“It may be reason; but it is not man.”*

We say again, that this exaggeration of one characteristic, allowable though it may be in pictures of manners, as distinct from works of art in which character is developed, becomes only caricature when seriously introduced in works intended to belong to this class. Its creations are as far from the ideal of humanity as the Brummagem saints of Bernini, fluttering and frowning in histrionic brass, are from the ideal of peaceful sanctity; or as the postures of the ballet-dancer are from the real expression of the feelings and ideas which are conventionally supposed to be suggested by them.

KING WILLIAM III.

OTHER people besides the worshippers of mere stocks and stones have had their idols both political and religious, before which they have bowed down with homage and offerings not less wonderful than they appear disgraceful. When the great ecclesiastical revolt of the sixteenth century had shaken European society to its foundations, moral standards assumed the form of sliding-scales, adapted in the hands of Protestantism to suit every emergency: so long at least as they seemed to measure the mark of the Beast, or square with the mystically perverted numbers of the Apocalypse. Heroes were, therefore, either angels or devils, not as their conduct fulfilled or fell short of the requirements of the Gospel, but rather as

* Pope.

they opposed or favoured a certain line of human politics—the projects of a Spanish monarch, or the ambition of a king of France: more especially when, under the guise of religion, worldly gear was to be gained, or the robbery of monasteries defended. Hypocrisy rapidly rose to an ascendancy over the master-spirits of the age. Just in proportion as heresy waxed rampant in Christendom, rebellion and licentiousness sported among its fairest fields; at first with unblushing effrontery, but latterly under some decency of masquerade. Amidst the confusion, men elected their leaders, followed them, crowned them, fought under them, sold their own souls for them, and even honoured them after death with a sort of secular apotheosis. The Whigs of England have distinguished themselves in this line; they glory in a political calendar canonising the names of knaves, who in the lower ranks of life might have illustrated the cells of Newgate, and ascended the ladder of Jack Ketch at Tyburn. To recount them would be long and tedious; yet surely at the head of them all stands that royal figure to whose immortal memory the Orange clubs of Ireland still pour out their annual libations of claret, William III.; eulogised by the most brilliant of living reviewers, for the instruction of our fellow-countrymen, at an expense of thirty thousand pounds sterling, paid this very year as the price of volumes which will be justly denounced by our posterity under the denomination of *plaustra mendaciorum*.

A count of Nassau, called William the Silent, had become Prince of Orange, by the will of his cousin Renatus; that personage being heir, on the maternal side, to Philibert, of the house of Chalons in Upper Burgundy. When resistance broke out in the Netherlands against the tyranny of Philip II., the first William held the office of stadtholder to the provinces of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht. He was really a great man, barring his unhappy apostasy; wrapt, indeed, in profound reserve, but consistent in his own principles after he had once adopted their errors; and a sincere champion for never subjecting Catholics, however deeply he differed from them, to any civil disabilities. He shines in history as the Washington of his day and generation, achieving the independence of his country by the compact of Utrecht, A.D. 1579, which united the seven Dutch states into one republic. On his assassination at Delft by Balthazar Gerard in A.D. 1585, his son Maurice succeeded him, memorable for his connection with the Arminians and Gomarists, the Synod of Dort, Grotius, and Barneveldt. Henry Frederick, brother to Maurice, was the next stadtholder, dying prosperous and rich as to the things of this world, having never really troubled himself about

that which is to come. His son and successor, William II., married a daughter of our Charles I.; through her becoming father to a posthumous representative, whose genuine character we would fain attempt to draw in these pages. Astrology gloated over his horoscope, as was common in those days; but the plain fact was, that his mother brought him into life about a week after she was a widow, and at least a month before his time. From the cradle he seemed puny in health, size, and constitution. His birth occurred A.D. 1650, amidst political storms and social confusions, when the Seven Provinces were at the height of their commercial grandeur, but when faction could insult patriotism with safety, and authority was only mentioned to be despised.

Two leading parties at that crisis enjoyed the intense pleasure of trying to tear their young country into pieces; the republicans, not unfairly represented by the famous brothers De Witt, and the adherents of the Orange family. The former were for some years a little disposed to admit French influences; so long, at least, as their indigenous liberalism was let alone, and their independence uninvaded. The latter were more aristocratical, not to say monarchical, in their tendencies, and abhorred the Perpetual Edict passed by their antagonists, that the princes of the house of Orange should be excluded from the stadtholderate for ever. Every form of heresy which could originate or exist in the phlegmatic temperament of Dutch consciences multiplied like frogs from one end of the land to the other; rendering the religious chaos a perfect paradise of Calvinistic and Arminian conventicles. Burgo-masters contended about the five points of divinity, buried as to their nether members in so many pairs of trousers, that the kick of a horse might be almost as innocuous as the thundering argument of a rival. Severed moreover from the Church of God, the very genius of mammon had entered into the soul and body of the Seven Provinces. Money and merchandise drove out every other idea; except as to the verbal form in which it might be expressed, which was generally borrowed from Scripture, and therefore sounded most sanctimoniously to the external ear. The statue of Erasmus, on one of the innumerable bridges at Rotterdam, looked down upon countless disputants, fierce defenders of free will, reprobation, or indefectible grace; but whose hearts were as cold and hard as its own copper metal; ready at any moment to trample for gain upon the holy coat at Treves, or violate the sanctity of a crucifix in the distant regions of Japan. Their ledgers were their real Bibles; rich argosies constituted their floating churches; guilders seemed dearer to them than guardian

angels; whilst ten thousand pillar-dollars, or a place in the customs, or a successful voyage to India, or the abasements of the various controversialists, each in succession identified with the attainment of power or profit to one or another, stood in profane yet inseparable connection with the absolute decrees of an Almighty Providence. William III. was educated from his nursery amidst such subjects and circumstances. He was a minor at the mercy of a greedy multitude, quarrelling, from his birth, about the management of his household and estates, encumbered as the latter were with heavy debts and obligations to needy courtiers or dependents, besides the enormous jointures to his mother and grandmother, which had of course to be paid out of them. Prudence and caution, therefore, may be said to have been among the necessities of his existence, as they undoubtedly proved the main ingredients of his subsequent culmination. He inherited the talent of taciturnity from his ancestors; but then, in his mind it was the silence of deep and dark waters, which not even the eye of the cormorant can pierce, but from whose unfathomable abysses the spectres of Might and Mischief may be expected at any moment to emerge. Beneath the still waves of such an intellectual Avernus, his soul learnt no very Christian lessons from the difficulties of his childhood and youth; while he watched over the events around him, as his abilities developed, with the most ambitious aspirations for the future. His religion, if it deserves that name, seems to have been a kind of Calvinistic infidelity, not at all restraining him from sensualism or vice, but leading him to trust in his destiny, after the manner of those who believe in the Koran.

The portraits of his countenance and person pretty well agree. He had brown hair, a strongly-defined aquiline nose, bright sparkling eyes, with a large brazen brow, grave as the monotony of a Dutch polder, yet relieved in some degree by the clearness of his complexion, until this last grew sallow; upon which the face of William became as ugly as that of his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers,—a wicked woman, whose influence over him combined the double elements of carnal and mental sorcery. His stature was that of an attenuated body, too often panting for breath, through constitutional asthma, to be princely or grand in its movements, as Louis XIV. always appeared, although not favoured by nature for that purpose. William, on the other hand, seemed a dry formal Hollander, with the dregs of the small-pox thrown in upon his lungs; uncheerful and unimpressive; without conversation or the least shadow of attractive manners; a royal prig when not aroused into passion or violence; taking care

moreover, whenever that happened, that none below a certain rank should ever see him fall foul of his servants, either with the cane he might hold in his hands, or the stool he had caught up from the floor. Habitually, however, he stood much upon his guard, as to which his inherent reserve helped him not a little; and the pensionary John de Witt had taught him sometimes rarely to betray his sensations, but to see and get by heart every thing without seeming to take ordinary notice. His memory is declared to have been almost unlimited in its range and accuracy. For war and foreign policy he conceived an early and ardent admiration; and, if his talents in the cabinet and on the field were not first-rate, they were nevertheless so sharpened and intensified by his education and ambition, that they did more for himself, and told more against others, than those of far superior generals or statesmen have sometimes done. His powers of observation and combination were the keenest; whilst all his physical senses, through nervous excitability, had become acute, and critically exquisite. The gaze of the seven provinces never forsook him from the commencement of his career. His dull countrymen looked upon him as a prodigy destined some day to extend their dominions, promote their commercial interests, and perhaps preserve their liberties. John and Cornelius de Witt probably considered him in another light; in fact as a serpent, uncoiling from feebleness into strength, in the bosom of their darling republic; nor will an honest and impartial historian ever aver that they were really mistaken.

The prime object with the youthful prince of Orange was to recover the high office of stadtholder; to which he presumed to feel, without of course at first saying so, that, as the lineal representative of his family, he was fairly entitled. The grand obstacles in his path were the pensionary and his brother Cornelius at the head of the republican party. John de Witt governed for many years with great personal simplicity and disinterestedness: but it was in an evil hour that Holland threw down the gauntlet to England for the sovereignty of the seas, since their trident was at that period wielded by the potent and steady genius of Oliver Cromwell. The protector proved too powerful an adversary for the pensionary: the Dutch acknowledged the loss of 1122 men-of-war and merchantmen; nor were their expenses less in two summers than they had been during the entire struggle of more than twenty with Spain. In the pacification of A.D. 1654, Cromwell not merely asserted the supremacy of the British flag, but, to prevent Charles II. from ever obtaining assistance through foreign alliances, he attempted to enforce by treaty the perpe-

tual exclusion of his nephew William from the stadtholderate. The Dutch were indignant at this attempt on the part of Oliver; to which, however, under the rose, the De Witts were not unfavourable: but they visibly lost popularity from that hour, through the dislike with which the people viewed the interference of a foreign potentate, or rather, as they termed him, of an usurper, in the internal arrangements of the republic. As William grew up, his adherents fanned this flame in many ways. The prince himself had listened, as an obedient pupil, to the instructions of the very man whom his ambition would have to destroy before a road could be cleared for realising the object of his aspirations. It must have been a curious spectacle to have seen the future sovereign learning from his hated preceptor the arts of statecraft and kingcraft, involving as they ultimately did such tissues of crime and hypocrisy. Meanwhile the good pensionary fattened into personal portliness upon his modest salary, varying from 300*l.* to 700*l.* per annum: notwithstanding the cares of state extending over more than half a generation, two additional fierce conflicts with England, the encroachments of France, the fanaticism of the clergy spouting sedition and controversy from a thousand pulpits, and the ripening maturity of the Orange viper. William, on the verge of manhood, initiated himself into every plot and intrigue which might serve his own purposes; based as they one and all were upon maintaining and inflaming the nascent hatred of the nation against a couple of prominent yet most useful officials. He had entered upon his eighteenth year, when the pensionary carried his point in establishing the Perpetual Edict, A.D. 1667; whereby it was fondly conceived that the republic would never be again plagued with the bugbear of a regal prerogative vested in an hereditary president. Alas for the folly of human anticipations! William rallied round him in profound secrecy, and with consummate skilfulness, every element of revolution which might be ready to explode at any signal made by himself. Innumerable coincidences seemed to fall in with his design: the De Witts and their followers had not worn the laurels of their political successes very meekly, nor were the undercurrents of public opinion really in their favour; they were now branded as the traitorous allies of Louis, whose armies in A.D. 1772, like a torrent, rushed across the frontiers, and overwhelmed three out of seven of the provinces; slanders of the vilest description, worse than the subsequent one of the warming-pan at St. James's, and equally successful, poisoned the populace; invisibly, yet effectually, the Orange party wound up the passions of the mob, and then let them

loose upon their victims; nothing was heard from Amsterdam to Dordrecht but one wild outcry for an immediate repeal of the Perpetual Edict, passed only five years before; since the salvation of the country, as it was now averred, could be achieved in no other way than by declaring William III. stadtholder. That princely adept in hypocrisy performed his part to admiration. He had prepared and pronounced the spell which raised the storm, and at the same time perfectly veiled his own share in the transaction. With mingled coyness and alacrity, after various abjurations, denials of his real object, and multiplied perjuries, he at length permitted those powers, honours, and offices to be, as it were, thrust upon him, for which he and his partisans had been plotting through a lustrum of years. In the month of July A.D. 1672 the Prince of Orange was declared captain-general of the army, supreme admiral of the fleet, and finally, hereditary stadtholder. All classes, from fear, inclination, or prudence, acquiesced in what could no longer be avoided. The goal of guilt was won, and success commanded admiration.

Not that the new master of the republic had triumphed without massacre and bloodshed, for the reverse proved to be the truth of the case. The patriotic brothers De Witt were offered up as sacrifices to the vengeance of excited throngs, hounded on to their sanguinary work by the suspicions of commercial selfishness, and the sly suggestions of a victorious faction. The late pensionary, for he had resigned his functions, was assaulted by four ruffians, and left almost dead in the streets. Cornelius had the house, in which sickness confined him, attacked, and only not pulled down because a Protestant inquisition awaited him, on the false charge that he had offered an enormous sum of money to a barber-surgeon, named Tichelaar, for the assassination of William. Cornelius endured the tortures of the rack with unflinching constancy; repeating one of the odes of Horace, like an old Indian singing his death-song, whilst his wounded brother wiped the tears of agony from his eyes, and consoled him with their mutual consciousness of unsullied innocence. After some treacherous calm in the political tempest, the billows of popular and polemical turbulence broke out beyond all bounds. The Orangemen whispered, from head-quarters, that reaction might be at hand, unless it were anticipated by necessary firmness. Drums and trumpets gathered together multitudes of irritated burghers at the Hague, where they surrounded the prison of the De Witts, broke down the doors, dragged out both John and Cornelius from their dungeon, trampled them to death under their wooden sabots, and then deliberately, like wild-beasts, mangled

every member of their victims. The two fingers of those hands which, according to the Dutch form of solemn swearing, had been held up in taking the oath of adherence to the Perpetual Edict, were now severed, and sold publicly at the rate of twelve stivers a joint: less than half an ear of one of the brothers fetched twenty-five stivers. The bodies remained hung up by the heels from a gibbet all through the night; their garments were, of course, rent off to rags; the cannibals continuing to cut horrid morsels from each carcass until the blushing daylight banished to their dens the perpetrators of these deeds of darkness. Their rage had been maddened by a demand of Louis XIV. for the free exercise of Catholic worship, with which requisition it was no doubt imagined that the late obnoxious leaders of the French party were more or less identified. Nor must it be forgotten, that William, instead of punishing such disorders, as he was bound to do in his mere capacity of governor, effectually screened all the criminals from legal penalties; and even directly or indirectly rewarded several of them so soon as it could be done without too startling a violation of Dutch decency. He now avowed himself a champion for the Reformation, raised up by the grace of God to overthrow Popery, and rescue from ruin the independence of his country.

In this latter labour of love he unquestionably succeeded; nor are we denying the secular merits of the Prince of Orange in so far as they possessed a real existence. Our object is simply to call attention to the genuine facts of history, to place them in their true perspective, to unmask the hollowness of Protestant Whiggery, and withdraw the false lights thrown upon its favourite idol. The stadtholder now fought a good fight, in the sense of local patriotism, against the domineering ascendancy of France; but surely he never meant to serve either his native provinces or the cause of high Calvinism for stinted wages. When, therefore, he placed his encumbered estates at the service of his government, it was only throwing out sprats to catch whales. His pecuniary and political interests happened to be happily identified at a particular crisis of European affairs with the limitation of French absolutism; whilst he exerted himself zealously in that career of general usefulness which conferred upon his extraordinary courage and abilities magnificent worldly rewards. But such a course, however important, by no means constitutes the personage called upon to follow it, a hero of the first water. It gives him no title to adulation and worship when the grave has closed over his bones, and is already sullyng the gilded crown or coronet upon his coffin.

William III. was all the while a very bad man; although he liberated Holland from invasion, restored order, reduced Naarden, laid large districts under water to save them from an enemy, resolved to die in the last ditch of his flat and foggy yet wealthy meadows, baffled the mighty monarch of the age with all his marshals, and invited Burnet to his court, where, long before the arrival of that doubtful divine, fresh dreams of grandeur had begun to dawn upon his imagination. His uncle James, Duke of York, was paying a tremendous penalty of unpopularity in England for having conscientiously abandoned a false for the true religion. The infamous Cabal, as well as the hateful genius of the celebrated Lord Shaftesbury, one of its most Satanic members, assisted to bring matters in our own island to the simple issue, whether Catholicity or heresy should become predominant: the latter, moreover, being enabled to impregnate the British mind with those horrible prejudices which resulted in the judicial murders of the Popish plot and Titus Oates, its ostensible contriver. When the Duke of Monmouth, as the natural son of Charles, appeared too coarse a leader for the Protestant party, Shaftesbury, retaining in his grasp its most secret springs of action, had looked across the water towards William, the next in succession to the sceptre of the Stuarts after the death of James and his children. Several of the most profligate agents of Protestantism had not hesitated to pledge themselves to his service, and advocate his interests, even at a time when he was openly waging war with their own sovereign. This treasonable correspondence passed through the hands of Du Moulin, who, on suspicion of such treachery, had been dismissed from the office of Lord Arlington, and obtained in Holland an appointment of private secretary to the prince. A plan seems to have been arranged as early as A.D. 1674, between Frymans, William Howard a member of Parliament for Winchelsea, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, that the Dutch fleet should suddenly appear at the mouth of the Thames, when the howl of "No Popery" was suddenly to be raised, and a Protestant deliverer demanded before the panic of the people had subsided. The conclusion of peace then prevented the attempt, but did not dissolve the connection between the stadtholder and his British adherents. The latter were perpetually encouraging the former still to hope for success through exaggerated statements of the national discontent: advising him meanwhile to hold himself always in readiness for taking advantage of any revolution, which must, they said, be more or less imminent in the three kingdoms.

A marriage was at last openly proposed by Arlington

between William and the Princess Mary, which it was reserved for Lord Danby to bring about at a later date. The stadtholder at first declined it, distrusting Lord Arlington, who was supposed to have become a Catholic, as he actually did before his death; and guided also by instructions from Shaftesbury, that just at present the nuptials were an artifice of the enemy for the destruction of his popularity as Prince of Orange; for it would then be given out that he had joined in a league with the king and the Duke of York against British liberty and the Protestant religion. William, therefore, rested upon his oars, and waited for another opportunity, which fell out quite soon enough in October A.D. 1678. The lord-treasurer and Sir William Temple were now devoted to his interests; and returning with his not unhandsome consort to the Hague, he there laid himself out for supplanting his relatives, as well as overreaching his opponents. The Dissenters, rather than the high Anglicans, were the polemical janizaries on whom he mostly relied, and for whose sake, as the twaddle of the Bishop of Salisbury informs us, he became "most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days being somewhat too seldom at the services. Yet he was an attentive hearer of sermons, constant in his private prayers, as also in reading the Scriptures; and whenever he spoke of religious matters, which he did not do often, it was always with a suitable gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees; and he once said to me, he adhered to these because he could not see how the doctrine of a Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of ecclesiastical government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the episcopal clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him." It will be remembered, that the toleration of William went no further than the narrow and wavering limits of Protestantism, which seemed the more unpardonable from the nobler traditions on that subject which he might have inherited from his ancestor and namesake William the Silent. Meanwhile the only difference between the immoralities of the court at the Hague and those of Charles and James was, that at London no mask was worn. The Prince of Orange, behind a curtain of concealment which proved far thinner than he supposed, violated the matrimonial vow, and revelled in abominable vices. It was not for beauty, since the most influential of his women could scarcely be brought to pass muster upon canvas even through the art of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He had an end of his own to gain by appearing to be what he was not; while

so great was the gullibility of his admirers that they gaped and were satisfied. Both Covell and Skelton, comparatively respectable persons, lost his favour, simply for daring not to be blinded by the dust attempted to be thrown in their eyes when the complaints of the weak-minded Mary could no longer be restrained. In one word, the amours of the royal champion of Protestantism were simply disgusting; compounded at once of brutalism and depravity, notwithstanding the cant and courtliness of Burnet, who cannot deny the facts which he and others were dishonest enough to palliate, although their inherent passion for gossip prevented the maintenance of a somewhat less undignified silence. Thomas Ken, afterwards the famous nonjuror, made some effort on behalf of at least external morals, even when William had kicked the communion-table in the chapel, or rather prayer-room of his consort, to curry favour with the nonconformists in England. One of the gay favourites at court had seduced a young lady in the train of Mary through a promise of marriage, which Ken compelled him to perform, and for which the prince got rid of so rigid a chaplain with all conceivable expedition. Yet nothing would bring the genuine truth home to the consciences of Puritanism and Whiggery. They went forward plotting in the name of Protestantism,—now against Charles, at least as to his worthless and disgraceful policy, then against the heir-apparent, and always against the religion of both; sometimes on behalf of Monmouth, and then again in favour of William, who managed to reap the real harvest from their advances, partly through his superior artifice and abilities, as also from the visible and palpable unsuitability of an instrument so vile and wretched as the bastard of Lucy Walters.

It is notorious at the present day, however the Orange-party contrived to conceal the truth from the bulk of their contemporaries, that William secretly promoted the unjust scheme of excluding the Duke of York from succeeding to the throne of the Stuarts. Van Lewen was his agent in treating with Charles; and Frymans undertook to open clandestine negotiations with the country leaders, as they were termed, in Parliament. Godolphin, Sunderland, Hyde, and others, were effectually won over to enlist themselves in nefarious intrigues, subsequently developing into the revolution of A.D. 1688. On one occasion, in the summer of A.D. 1681, the prince came over to England, under the specious pretext of prevailing with Charles to unite himself in an alliance with Spain and the States against the encroachments of France. Nothing could be more popular, with a certain class of partisans, than this timely visit. His antechambers in London

became to him what the cave of Adullam was to David: "Convenerunt ad eum omnes, qui erant in angustia constituti, et oppressi aere alieno, et amaro animo; et factus est eorum princeps" (1 *Reg.* xxii.). The merry monarch meanwhile suspected nothing; but even pressed him to return again the following year, when there occurred an opportunity for his meeting James, which William decidedly declined, as he did not think it at all for his peculiar interests in England to stand on good terms with his popish father-in-law. His game was of a deeper nature; for even with the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Argyle he dealt as much as he dared. On the peaceful accession of James, an external reconciliation ensued between the new sovereign and his nephew, more particularly after the victory at Sedgemoor; but in fact these near relatives only disguised, or rather, endeavoured to disguise, their cordial mistrust of each other, beneath worthless expressions of the warmest attachment. It became a struggle between two masters in mendacity, as to which of them could push into general circulation the greatest amount of false professions. James was in possession of the prize: William gasped for it in secret expectancy. The precise mode, indeed, in which it fell to him at last perhaps took him by surprise; since it was impossible for him to conceive that any religious convictions whatsoever should exist among princes, except as stepping-stones to power. When, therefore, his antagonist really held fast to the Catholic faith, in the face of certain political failure, the astonishment of the vigilant stadtholder seemed only exceeded by his satisfaction. The machinery for effecting an ultimate realisation of his hopes had been preparing for several years: his favourite counsellors, Fagel, Bentinck, and Halweyn, were in the closest correspondence with the foreign enemies and domestic traitors of the King of England; the six British regiments, in the pay of Holland, were weeded of every officer and private refusing to be subservient to William; rumours were carefully spread that James intended to set aside the hereditary rights of Mary in favour of the Princess Anne, upon condition of her secession from Protestantism; or, if that were out of the question, his illegitimate son, the popish Duke of Berwick, would be the substitute; but the Prince of Orange could never have imagined beforehand that his royal father-in-law would draw together, with incredible diligence, the very elements for achieving his own ruin and dethronement. When at length he really beheld all this passing before his eyes, he only marvelled at the kindness of fortune. Smiles and flatteries were lavished on his doomed rival with greater profusion than be-

fore; embassy followed upon embassy, attesting the filial submission and obedience, nowhere else so rife or edifying as at the Hague; whilst, at the same time, Dutch agents dug a thousand mines of mischief throughout the upper, middle, and lower classes in this country; charging them with the gunpowder of anti-Catholic prejudices, identified as such errors unhappily happened to be, at that crisis, with the love of liberty and attachment to an ancient constitution. Not less crafty and energetic were the efforts of William to get Anne into his possession, well aware that her strength of mind was about as small as that of his consort, her sister Mary. It was through an apparently accidental alteration of plan, on the part of James, that he was thwarted; although the subsequent treason of the Churchills more than atoned for the temporary disappointment. In fact, madness and folly hurried forward the ultimate catastrophe with an abundant sufficiency of precipitation.

His majesty had despatched William Penn, the Quaker, to sound his son-in-law as to whether he would sanction an abolition of the Test Act, in connection with at least some modification of the other penal oppressions against both Catholics and Dissenters. Now the prince had at that precise moment two parties with whom he wished to stand particularly well: namely, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain, his grand allies against France, on the one hand; and his own Protestant adherents in England, who were to support his pretensions to the royal prerogative of James, on the other. His highness, therefore, presented himself to the former as the main supporter of monarchy within the British islands, the existence of which would be imperilled, were he not to support the Test Act against Popery; since its relaxation, he told them, would let in the Dissenters to supreme power, who were all bitter republicans. Dyckveldt, his ambassador, caajoled the latter, by assuring them, that the Prince of Orange would never submit to any measures not perfectly agreeable to the paramount interests of Protestantism. Honesty and straightforwardness might well be lost in amazement at the profound duplicity with which each faction was duped in its turn, so only that all would but unite in the single object of advancing the political projects of the stadtholder. Anglicans were taught to believe that he would never weaken the ascendancy of an establishment which had rescued from Rome, and intended to hold fast, such good things as opulent bishoprics with empty cathedrals, large livings with small duties, tithes, emoluments, rank, prestige, position, peerages, and parsonages, to say nothing of a clergy with wives, and a laity

relieved from the restrictions of superstitious discipline. Non-conformists had a rather more difficult dose to swallow, so that it had to be sweetened with the greater caution and subtlety: *così a l'egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi di soave licor gli orli del vaso*. They were assured that, under the rose, William could not bear episcopacy, however necessary it might become to him that he should trample upon his predilections for the sake of saving Dissenters from another series of fires in Smithfield; but they were respectfully advised to keep aloof from the contest for the present, and receive from the successor of James a more legal and permanent toleration. Some lumps of sugar were even thrown out to the Catholics themselves, in the shape of whispered promises, that *if they would only deserve it by their conduct*, they might find in a Dutch deliverer the best protection from the future vengeance of their enemies. Dyckveldt, in the meantime, faithful to his instructions from the prince, lost no opportunity of learning the genuine spirit of the army and navy, the state of the royal finances, the respective positions of parties, the wishes of various sections in the population; thus fulfilling to a nicety the objects of his mission, which was that of an accredited spy behind the screen, and armed with the privileges of an ostensible ambassador. Zuylestein followed in the same footsteps, and with similar results. Upon the perverse obstinacy and judicial blindness of the lawful sovereign counsel and remonstrance were alike urged in vain. The Catholic peers at this period were the Duke of Berwick, the Marquis of Powys, the Earls of Salisbury, Peterborough, Portland, Cardigan, and Derwentwater, the Viscount Montague, the Lords Abergavenny, Audley, Stourton, Hunsdon, Petre, Gerard of Bromley, Arundel of Wardour, Teynham, Carrington, Widdrington, Belasyse, Langdale, Clifford, Jermyn of Dover, and Waldegrave. Not one of them could help listening to the roar of those breakers ahead, which Pope Innocent XI. foresaw, and kindly condescended to indicate. A letter written by Fagel at this time, and published as a state-paper, in Dutch, French, English, and Latin, of which 45,000 copies were circulated in these kingdoms, was considered as the composition of William himself. Lingard most correctly remarks upon it, that by its tone of deceitful moderation, "the Pope, the Emperor, and other Catholic powers, were all of them brought to imagine that William was prepared to grant to their co-religionists in Great Britain and Ireland every indulgence which they were entitled to expect; whilst, by pointing out to the British Protestants the prince and princess as defenders of the Test Act, it constituted them in effect the

leaders of that party. On the one hand, it allayed the jealousy of his allies; on the other, it encouraged the timid amongst his friends, confirmed the wavering, and stimulated all to resistance and exertion."

Some Catholics, not well informed as to the mysteries of diplomacy towards the close of the seventeenth century, have expressed wonder at the countenance which the court of Rome in reality gave to the machinations of the Dutch stadtholder. The fact, however, was, that for many years the bitterest enemy to the Church of Almighty God had been no other than the House of Bourbon, with Louis XIV., the grand monarch of Europe, at its head. It is no less melancholy than true, that the pretended patron of what have been styled the Gallican liberties, not merely insulted the Holy Father of Christendom in his own capital, but grievously persecuted genuine Catholicity throughout those vast dominions over which he ruled with a rod of iron. Both Innocent and his successor Alexander VIII. braved his fury and insolence in the true spirit of good shepherds over the flock of Jesus Christ. The French king had presumed to invade the papal prerogatives, and appoint prelates to their sees independently of the Chair of St. Peter. With the cordial approbation of all sound divines, the Popes refused them institution: so that a fourth part of the dioceses of France had merely nominal bishops, incapable of performing episcopal functions. The entire policy of the tyrant, during a considerable interval, realised what Sallust says of the later Romans; *proinde quasi injuriam facere, id demum esset imperio uti*. To such arrogance it was necessary to set bounds; for not only was Louis aiming at universal secular as well as spiritual dominion, but he was suspending the operation of sacraments, and urging his wretched subjects to the verge of open schism. His Holiness therefore called in a Dutch cat to extirpate Gallican vermin, without in the least vouchsafing any sanction to the naturally wicked propensities of Grimalkin. William was to an immense and most useful extent the enemy to the enemies of St. Peter; whose representatives, in consequence, stroked him with their temporary patronage, from his ears to his tail, as the cunning contriver of the League of Augsburg, which brought Louis at last to his senses. Towards James the utmost commiseration was always manifested, falling, as he had done, through his own fault and folly, from an altitude where, had he been able to retain his position, he would have probably proved a tool of France, another sword in the hands of her already too powerful sovereign, as well as a thorn in the side of orthodox and genuine Catholicity. Misfortune, whilst

it contributed to mend his private character, could never teach him any substantial amount of wisdom ; so that to the end of his days he illustrated the proverb of Solomon : *Si contuderis stultum in pila, non auferetur ab eo stultitia ejus*. Nevertheless he latterly shone in his adversity as a luminary of religion and morals, compared with his competitor, whose prosperity, founded upon artifice and slander, never failed to betray its origin ; nor could remorse of conscience remain altogether extinguished, even amidst the splendours of the purple, or the plaudits of Protestant nations.

History solemnly avouches that, necessary as the revolution of A.D. 1688 might have become, it was brought about, so far as William was personally concerned, as much by feline contrivances as by the more noble exercise of courage, energy, and astuteness. It was by a ladder of lies that the stadtholder ascended his throne, planted upon Protestant prejudices, and supported by a combination of circumstances. Forged correspondence between the Jesuit fathers Petre and La Chaise, relative to the designs of Catholic sovereigns in general, and those of Louis and James in particular, emanated on a large scale from the Hague ; inflaming public apprehension with the most absurd vagaries and chimeras. It was averred in these false documents, that the rights of freedom, property, and conscience, were all about to be sacrificed at the feet of the Apostolic Church ; and that from Holland alone could safety be sought for, in the persons of William and Mary. The queen of James, at this crisis, was declared pregnant, being the favourable answer from heaven to a maternal vow made at Loretto to Our Blessed Lady. From that moment, an ocean of slander seemed to rise up, and overflow the land with its Stygian deluge. Delicacy, not to say decency, vanished from the mind of Mary towards her own father and mother-in-law. It would disgust the purlieus of Covent Garden or Drury Lane to wade through the pamphlets, pasquinades, and multiplied publications, levelled at all that is most dear, tender, and sacred in the conjugal or domestic relation. At length Maria d'Este reached her hour of trial, violated and outraged as it was to be by the falsehood of the warming-pan story. It was affirmed by grave divines calling themselves bishops, as also by statesmen then willing to be styled champions of Protestantism, that a supposititious Prince of Wales was introduced into the royal bed, and passed off as an imposture upon the British people. Both Burnet and William rendered themselves direct accomplices in this nefarious yet successful fable ; for it figures prominently in the memorial pretended to be presented to the United Provinces from the perse-

cuted Protestants in England, which Burnet in reality composed, and which the Prince of Orange suggested and promoted. It is notorious, also, that neither of these personages for one moment believed it, at the time when the celebrated invitation arrived, calling upon William and Mary to come over, and pluck the crown from the brow of their once indulgent parent. Meanwhile every engine of art and intrigue had been set in motion to rouse the passions of the populace into a state of frenzy. Moderate men felt themselves condemned to silence, simply through fear of a fate like that of John and Cornelius de Witt; and unfortunately the most inflammatory libels acquired a portion of their force and popularity from the aspect of foreign affairs abroad, not less than from the madness and fatuity of a dissolving government at home. The result is too well known to need a recapitulation in these pages.

But what we want to record is simply the genuine nature of Whiggery, in for ever falling down and worshipping such a hero as William. Is it that the latter is neither more nor less than an impersonation of the former? We much fear so. The Prince of Orange mounted the throne of these realms, amongst other purposes, to purify the various departments of administration. With a thousand pretences of doing so, he pensioned Titus Oates, and appointed the legal adviser of that worthy to the confidential and lucrative post of solicitor to the Treasury. Corruption in high places thenceforward became an organised system of bribes to members of parliament, and all that mysterious disposal of patronage, secret-service money, or dispensation of golden ointment, which served as a salve to sore consciences in bringing the Lower House under the management of the minister. What is to be said of the artful manner with which William balanced one section of concealed political thieves against another—Tories against Whigs, or Whigs against Tories,—right honourable robbers and scoundrels every one of them, and who would have been described as such, had they not worn coronets upon their heads, and been wrapped in robes of scarlet, ermine, or fine linen? The predecessors of William had shown themselves negligent in their royal duties, in giving orders without due consideration, and then sheltering their agents behind the broad buckler of their prerogative. But what shall be said of the massacre at Glencoe,—merely as a specimen of what we mean, and taking the merciful view of it, that the whole catastrophe was an accident? Here we have an acute, laborious, constitutional sovereign signing a paper without reading it, but which in its operation sanc-

tioned the commission of between thirty and forty distinct murders. "One or two women," says Macaulay, "were seen amongst the number, and a yet more fearful and piteous sight, —a little hand, which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant." The assassins, it must be remembered, had been enjoying for days and nights all the rites of hospitality at the hands of their victims. A child only twelve years old, clinging round the legs of Captain Glenlyon, was shot dead then and there by a ruffian named Drummond; some of their hosts were actually dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and slaughtered like sheep; an old man above seventy, too infirm to fly, was found alive after the onset, and ruthlessly slain in cold blood; the chief Mac Ian received a bullet in his head whilst getting up to order the breakfast for his dastardly murderers, whom he had been entertaining as his guests; his wife dying the next day, through the violence of the soldiers, one of whom tore away the golden rings from her fingers with his teeth! These sanguinary crimes were perpetrated under a royal order from King William, subscribed, his apologists say, through an error to which he was frequently liable; even Burnet mentioning, that his majesty had the dreadful habit of suffering matters to run on "till there was a great heap of papers, when he suddenly signed them as much too fast as he was before too slow in despatching them." Macaulay doubts his procrastination, but coolly observes, that feeling an interest in continental affairs exclusively, "he attended to English business less, but to Scotch business the least of all." When this dreadful affair had actually happened, the entire blame was meanly thrown upon the Master of Stair; and still more meanly, when public indignation demanded punishment, William, finding it inconvenient to visit with heavy penalties so high a functionary, beyond dismissing him from office, permitted the storm to fall upon the humbler instruments; thus endeavouring to stifle the matter with a real act of indemnity as to himself and his favourites:

"So, little villains must submit to fate,
That large ones may enjoy the world in state."

But the Prince of Orange was enthroned, we are told, to save the constitution, limit royal prerogatives, establish ministerial responsibility, suppress standing armies, and blot out that scandal in our commercial history of the Stuarts having once shut up the Exchequer. Whatever the great fact of the Revolution itself may have more or less indirectly achieved, it is only fair to glance at what was the personal

conduct of its mighty leader. Surely his genuine regard for the British constitution bore about that proportion to his selfishness which the dry bread of Sir John Falstaff did to the quantity of sack which he imbibed. To what had William sworn more solemnly than to the Bill of Rights, which declared that, without consent of Parliament, the maintenance of military forces was to be thenceforward illegal? Yet we find him coolly and deliberately, in A.D. 1697, when the Commons had reduced the troops to 10,000, leaving sealed orders with his ministers, before he went to Holland, that 16,000 men should be kept up,—orders which those ministers, professedly responsible to parliament alone, as unconstitutionally obeyed. What pickpocket ever cut a purse, we would ask, with greater nonchalance than William displayed in his appropriation of the immense Irish forfeitures, of which he granted away a million of acres, contrary to his solemn promises, for the mere enrichment of foreign favourites, male and female; one of them the hideous courtesan whom he had created Countess of Orkney? What can be said of his perpetually acting as his own minister, with as much arbitrariness as Louis or the Emperor, in foreign affairs, except that, as the British kingdoms sometimes love to be deluded, they were thus gratified to the top of their bent throughout a long series of years? So also, instead of shutting up an exchequer, he left his successors and their subjects the rather dubious blessing of a national debt, which exceeded in its origin about twenty times the iniquity of the Cabal, and has grown in our times to the amount of eight hundred millions sterling. To all which must be added the introduction of a permanent excise upon the system still existing, and which has swollen into colossal dimensions as to mere extent, and which rivals the labyrinth of Crete in its deceptive sinuosities and ramifications. To the Protestant deliverer we are still further indebted for the use of hollands, or that vile form of alcohol which has summoned from the infernal pit our gorgeous gin-palaces; where the house of the harlot opens “the way to hell, reaching even to the inner chambers of death.”

But above all other objects was the British sceptre consigned to the care of William—if we may believe the hollow voice of patriotism and nonconformity—that the *rights of conscience* might be at rest for ever from secular interference, as well as the oppression of penal laws. Translated into the language of truth, this statement means, that the Catholic Church of Almighty God was to be bound, were it possible, naked and helpless to the rock of Protestant prejudice, where, like the exposed Andromache of antiquity, she might become

a prey to the monsters of the deep. Religious toleration, it cannot be too often repeated, signified, in the mouth of the Revolution of A.D. 1688, *just this and no more*. Witness the violation of the Treaty of Limerick, and the acts passed by the crowned Dissenter against Roman Catholics. What renders his conduct in this respect so much worse is, that he had actually incurred obligations to his Catholic allies, when standing in need of their assistance, that he would really relieve the faithful children of the Church, so soon as he had the power to do so; nor, moreover, should it be omitted, that these breaches of honour occurred against the light of his internal convictions, based upon his own individual knowledge and experience. He had come to learn that the traditional policy of his family was the sound and right one to adopt; his Dutch armies were always in great measure composed of Catholics; many of that profession had served under him in his invasion of England, on the faith of his professions given, or at least implied, to their officers; he had now and then, in earlier days, even played with the dulness of James himself, in secretly declaring, whenever there seemed something to gain by it, that the penal persecutions of papists ought in reality to be repealed. Yet, after the Peace of Ryswick, some few priests having come over, King William assented to the statute against the growth of Popery, A.D. 1700, which Hallam, in the full fervours of Whiggery, cannot forbear denominating as "disgraceful." Its admitted aim was to expel the Catholic proprietors of land, comprising many very ancient and wealthy families, by rendering it necessary for them to sell their estates. It offers a reward of 100*l.* to any informer against an ecclesiastic exercising his functions, and adjudges the penalty to the party in orders of perpetual imprisonment. "It requires every person educated in the popish religion, or professing the same, within six months after he shall attain the age of eighteen years, to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and subscribe the declaration set down in the act of Charles II. against transubstantiation and the worship of saints,"—in other words, to apostatise from the faith; in default of which he stands incapacitated, not only from purchasing, but from inheriting or taking lands under any devise or limitation whatsoever. *The next of kin, being a Protestant, was to enjoy all such estates during his life.* This measure existed for fourscore years: a mere specimen of the code of persecution which William of Nassau knew to be wrong, yet which he sanctioned, after oaths and protestations to the contrary, *as being right*. And lo, this is the monarch whose usurpation the Anglican liturgy commemorates as an era of deliverance

from thralldom, although he had no belief in its doctrines, or admiration for its discipline; whilst his name survives as a watchword for bigotry,—when it can do so with impunity,—to abuse for the worst purposes of Toryism; nor less as a theme for the eulogy of such reviewers or historians as the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay. Notwithstanding the benefits which resulted from the rejection of the Stuarts—and they are not to be denied—we nevertheless are bold to affirm, that the boasted Revolution of A.D. 1688, looking at the spirit in which it came unhappily to be accomplished, constituted, or rather involved, an enormous fraud upon the credulity of these kingdoms. It originated from necessity; but was founded, as well as fashioned, upon the most thorough misrepresentation and hypocrisy. Instead of emancipating nations, it enthroned at first a usurper, and then an aristocracy; the latter as selfish and unprincipled as the artful stadtholder himself. The peerage from that moment, either through their own Chamber or the Lower House, to which in effect they could generally nominate a majority, at once trampled upon the liberties of the lower classes, and dictated their own terms to the crown. Nor did they care to imitate either the profound policy of Solon in Greece, or the just arrangements of Servius Tullius at Rome. Taxation was arranged so as to press lightly upon the rich and heavily upon the poor. Meanwhile government has presented, for a century and a half, a series of shams, illusions, shifts, and juggles. Its system formed an immense procession of littlenesses and low impostures, dependent for success upon ignorance, prejudice, falsehood, and calumny; base crawling artifices constituting the very spiders and centipedes of human politics. Bishop Burnet may be said to lead the march, with his warming-pan flourishing in the air; whilst Lord John Russell and the Earl of Derby bring up the rear, the one with his Durham Letter, and the other with his proclamation against the appearance of religious habits in public. Their master, King William, by whom they are always ready to swear, must be content to take his place in impartial history as one of the most royal rascals that ever reigned.

Preston Hall,
AND
OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

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CHAPTER I.

A CARD.

LIKE most other things, Time has not been standing still since the Burgess of Stumpingford imparted to the world some chapters of the history of that borough, of which he is an unworthy member. We have been very busy in Stumpingford, and there is a great deal to tell: much more than the present writer can venture to obtrude, even upon a willing public—particularly as he has to be in some measure dealing with things which happened a long time ago. He is going to have "wise saws and modern instances," the wisdom of which it will be for any of his readers to discern.

We had occasion to visit Preston Hall, and to see a little of its owners. But the current of events was too rapid to allow us, in our narrow limits, to see much of what could be said about the Prestons in time past. We do not intend to go further back than the reign of our glorious Elizabeth; a sovereign who, of course unfortunately for herself, lived at a period when her friends had not reached the advanced development of adding Pious and Immortal to her titles. But, on the whole, she has come down to us pretty fresh, and we think stands as good a chance of shining in the truthful pages of popular English history as the real Happy, Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Prince on whom these attributes were accumulated. We hope that our humble efforts to add another rose, red of course, to the garland with which her former historians have encircled—if we may be permitted to use the court author's phraseology on such occasions, without entirely comprehending its meaning—her brow and memory, will not be entirely unavailing. We at once beg our readers to suppose themselves carried back to the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

About the year 1580, the old hall of the Prestons, which had served their turn long before the time when Sir Baldwyn de Stumpyngford and Ismania his wife used to ride over from

Stumpingford Castle to see their friends at Preston—about the year 1580, this old hall was destroyed by the squire of that day, Benedict Preston. Exactly on the site he built a new and much larger house, the hall now occupied by our friend, Mr. George Augustus Preston. There were no hiding-holes in the house that was pulled down. The wars of the Barons and the wars of the Roses had been only wars: they were not perpetual treacheries, and assassinations by law; so men got through them without any thing beyond the ordinary resources of refuge. But Benedict Preston lived in days which his forefathers and the Stumpyngfords never so much as dreamed of, poor men. They thought Christianity had fixed itself in England, and never for a moment supposed that the very duties divinely instituted for assisting men to heaven were to become, by a curious inversion, the pretence also for depriving them of life. Successive statutes, however, of the glorious queen, ending with the thirty-fifth year of her reign, brought complete destruction upon all convicted of professing and practising the true religion. So Benedict Preston, acting with plain common sense, determined to rebuild his house, and suit it to the times. Down came the old walls—stout old walls, stronger than Mr. Limewater will build you, if you order a house now; and there were found, as there always are found, old coins, from Ethelred downwards, bits of old swords, and Saxon gold ornaments, and plenty of Edwardian and Tudor rubbish, all which are lost to the world,—*carent quia vate sacro*. There was no Mechanics' Institute and Museum then at Stumpingford. And, to say the truth—and I am sorry to say it—there is some reason to believe that Benedict Preston himself did not think quite so much of those things as we now do in the Stumpingford branch of the Archæological Institute. When all was pulled down, and the ground made smooth, there appeared an Italian architect, about whom no one knew any thing, and the new house began to go up apace. Mr. Preston did not show his plans; but in them were provisions for not less than three comfortable hiding-holes—comfortable, that is to say, in comparison with the destiny that stood ready to meet any one who was caught in them. The workmen who built the house were not Stumpingford men, and when they had done they went away. The date 1580, over the entrance-doorway, is supposed to mark the year in which the house was completed. As we are going, by and by, to see one of those hiding-holes in use, let us go and see it beforehand.

Preston Hall presents to you, immediately on your entrance, its hall, ample and lofty, with a great fireplace on the

left-hand side, and at the other extremity a door, which opens at the foot of the great staircase. This staircase conducts you to a floor, upon which various chambers branch off on two sides of the great hall, which occupies the north-east side of the house and rises to the roof, and into a pleasant gallery, which looks into the hall, and commands its whole length. The gallery was, and is, panelled with oak. You would not observe any thing remarkable in the thickness of the wall as you entered from the landing at the top of the stairs. Nevertheless the wall is very thick to look at, when your attention is drawn to it; and if you touch the short panel which rises immediately from the plinth of the gallery at a particular spot, you will find that you can slide it away. When it is completely pushed to one side, it leaves an opening not much more than sufficient to allow one person to creep in. When you have crept in, you find yourself in a small closet, eight feet by four, and twenty feet high; into which light and air are conveyed by means of a false chimney, opening at the very top of the apartment. In broad day, there might be just light enough to read a good print; but we imagine that her most sacred majesty Elizabeth, or Burleigh, or Robert Cecil, or Walsingham, would not have thought it meet for their conveniences.

Benedict and Alfred Preston were the only two sons of old Benedict Preston, as he was called: who, having witnessed the destruction of religion by Henry and Edward, its restoration under Mary, and its final depression under Elizabeth, had himself made no change during all that period in his duty to God and the Holy See. He remained very quiet at Preston Hall; never sat in the execrable House of Commons of that day; and, when the new religion was set up in the parish-church, which his ancestor had rebuilt about a hundred years before, he, and all his household and family, heard Mass and received the Sacraments in a garret at home.

His sons, Benedict and Alfred, grew up, therefore, without the smallest tincture of any of the varieties of misbelief, which even then gave the most promising earnest of the abundant harvest recently brought into the Registrar-General's office by Horace Mann, the friend of mankind. Old Benedict Preston survived till 1570. His eldest son, Benedict, succeeded him. Alfred, who had gone to Rome to obtain holy orders, which could not now be obtained in England, was still there at his father's death. And here we now propose to raise the curtain.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH WE RECEIVE A PEDLAR.

NOVEMBER at Preston Hall is much like the Novembers in other places in the southern counties of England; that is to say, rather damp and dreary. But the Prestons have a fancy that their oaks, which are very fine, keep their foliage a long time. In fact, late into November they may be seen with a good deal of green remaining. They have an interest in this little matter which can scarcely be called fanciful. About the middle of November 1581, when, the tradition is, that the oaks were still showing very green, Benedict Preston and his wife, and two little children, were sitting in the withdrawing-room, as it was then called, in which we have already seen our friend Mr. George Augustus Preston, their present successor. There were no Joe Mantons nor Greeners in those days, and shooting flying was only not quite so far off as the electric telegraph. But Benedict Preston had had an otter-hunt that morning, which had ended successfully; and, refreshed with the stout exercise, he had come in, flung aside his sporting-clothes, and put himself into a suit becoming a country gentleman of that day for the short remainder of the evening; for they did not sit up late in those days.

Just at this time the Duke of Anjou was in England, making proposals which, luckily for himself, came to nothing, of marriage with Elizabeth. We leave it to the divine pages of English history of that era to tell how she would and she would not; how she tried every Elizabethan dodge to get him to consent, that if, and when, he became her husband, he would go to her chapel with her, and would have none of his own, or at most a very little one, hidden quite out of sight in the mazes of the palace; how she put a ring on his finger, and by and by, not long after, sat up a whole night amid the bewailings, sham or real, of her women, expressive of popular horror against a Catholic match; how, next day, in the morning, she went to see the duke in his own apartment, and had a private talk with him, the particulars of which have not yet been told, or forged; how the duke, after the interview was over, was seen to fling her ring on the ground, and then pick it up again, bewailing himself, good man, on the general inconstancy of the female sex, particularly as existing in England. Let Rapin and Hume tell all this at full length under the year 1581.

In this state of public affairs, the minds of the unfortunate

Catholics of England, who suffered in every way, both from the exertions of their friends to assist them and the fixed purpose of Elizabeth and her ministers to exterminate them, turned with great feelings of relief to the prospect of a Catholic husband sharing the throne of Elizabeth. On the strength of these hopes we are told that many priests came over into the country. But the Catholics, as was often the case before and since, reckoned without their hostess. There is very good reason to doubt whether she ever intended to marry the Duke of Anjou at all; and it is perfectly certain that, marriage or no marriage, no favour was to be granted to the Catholics, and priests were simply to be hanged as usual. With a view, no doubt, of setting before the eyes of her intended husband, if he was so, the happy future which awaited him, she caused, during the time that he was with her in England, the saintly Edmond Campian of the Society of Jesus, and three others, to be put on their trials for their religion. It is true the law said they were guilty of treason. It might as well have said that they were guilty of arson, or killing sturgeon. News of this reached the Catholic homes throughout England, and saddened them.

This is just the time when Benedict Preston is brought before the reader. They had not heard it yet at Preston Hall. As the shades of the evening stole on, and the time was just approaching for the hangings to be let fall before the window, and lights to be brought, a servant came in and said to Mr. Preston that a pedlar was at the door in the yard with knives and other pedlar's wares, and insisted on seeing the master of the house. Mr. Preston, surprised, and inquisitive as men are who live in daily possibility of misfortune, desired the servant to bring the pedlar into the house into the servants' hall, and leave him there. As soon as this was done, he entered the servants' hall himself. There the pedlar stood, with his box unslung and deposited on the floor. He was a fine well-grown man, not much beyond thirty, with a noble, intellectual, and grave countenance, as far as it could be perceived through a thick beard which covered his face and chin. As soon as Mr. Preston entered the room, the pedlar passed his hands over his head and behind his ears, and the whole beard and all the hair on his face dropped off, and displayed at once the full face of his brother.

The brothers embraced each other in silence; for their emotion at meeting after so long separation, on their own soil, in such times, deprived them for the moment of the power of speaking. Benedict Preston spoke first. "There is no need of disguise now, my dear brother; all are Catholics in this

house, and would give their lives for you; and here I hope you may stay in safety as long as you like."

"Father Campian is to be tried the day after to-morrow," said Alfred Preston, "and others with him. There is not the smallest prospect of his escape. I have come here, and may be bringing mischief to our house."

"Then let it come," said Benedict Preston; "we will share it with you. We are loyal to the queen, and are ready to defend her and the kingdom. And she knows it. But as for not harbouring you, she might as well ask me to call her a Catholic." At which both brothers smiled pleasantly.

"Come up-stairs, pedlar's pack and all. You need not put on that beard, however. It would frighten Apollonia to see you take it off. You've never yet seen her. But wait one moment." Mr. Preston stood at the servants'-hall door, and called for Stibbs, the butler. Stibbs came in.

"This," said Mr. Preston, "is Father Alfred Preston, my brother."

Stibbs made a very low bow.

"We can trust you, I believe, Stibbs."

Stibbs gave a look of solemn defiance.

"And I believe all our household."

Stibbs contented himself with a ruminative jerk of his head.

"You know, Stibbs, that his life, and all our lives, depend upon great secrecy. He will wear a lay dress, and will go by the name of Ambrose Perkins, a gentleman of Essex, lately returned from foreign parts."

"Yes, your honour," said Stibbs, getting it by heart—"Mr. Ambrose Perkins."

"We cannot conceal from any in the house," said Mr. Preston, "who he really is. And there is no use in attempting to do so. So get them together, and let them know; and tell them what I have told you—Mr. Ambrose Perkins."

"Mr. Ambrose Perkins," repeated Stibbs, with emphasis.

"The farm-people need not know."

"O dear, no, your honour," said Stibbs; "not they. Besides, your honour, one of them is a heretic—Oreb Wyggins."

"Ah, true," said Mr. Preston; "I wish we were rid of the fellow."

"So do I, your honour, if I may take leave to say so."

"Well," said Mr. Preston, "now, up-stairs. Take Father Alfred's box and beard. O, I see, you've got that, Alfred, yourself. Very well—box and beard up-stairs."

Stibbs came up to where Father Alfred stood to get the box, and passing him, knelt to ask for his blessing.

"Ah, Master Alfred," he said,—“if you'll excuse me, Father Alfred,—I recollect well when I put you in the saddle first.”

"So you did, my dear Stibbs," said Father Alfred; "and if I'm to be here as a layman again, I don't say that you shan't put me there once more."

"'Slife," said Stibbs, "you'll excuse me, Father Alfred, there's the grandest buck lodged not far off."

"O, dear, not quite so fast, Stibbs. I must think twice of that."

Mr. Preston was half-way up-stairs; Father Alfred ran after him, and all three entered the room which Mr. Preston had just left, to the great wonder of Mrs. Apollonia Preston, who was sitting in expectation of what was to come.

If you, excellent reader, have ever had the chance of coming home after a very long absence, and seeing every thing new, including a good many faces, you will have some idea, though not a very perfect one, of the position of things in Preston-Hall drawing-room. After all affectionate greetings were over, and Father Alfred Preston had made his first acquaintance with his new sister and his little nephew and niece, both of whom insisted upon being blessed on the spot by their new uncle—it was such fun being blessed by their uncle—after all this, Mr. Preston found time to say to his brother, "I haven't asked you, though I wonder I haven't, what you think of our new house; we only got into it last year."

"Why," said Father Alfred, "I have not had much time to think about it yet; but as soon as I came down the avenue, long as it is since I left Preston, I missed the old outline, and saw something much bigger standing up against the sky. But you see I found my way well to the back-door."

"You did," said his brother; "and an odd way it was for a Preston of Preston to find his way home. But before we go to bed, let me show you over it."

So saying, he took a candle, and Father Alfred, and Mrs. Preston, and the children, going with him, they made a tour of the house. It was pleasant to see, and Stibbs, the old butler and friend, did see, how the recollections of the brothers went along together in the old channel after so long a separation; and how the fair Apollonia had nearly as much to say as either of them. And the children evidently learnt their lesson, which we have every reason to believe has descended unimpaired to the present day.

The great hall was the place of talk. Here Mr. Preston had indulged the hereditary fancy of his house, and most other old houses, by decorating the cornice with carved shields of the

Prestons and their alliances. Among these was to be seen, last in order, his own match with Apollonia Stumpyngford, who has recently, more than two hundred years after her death, become the sole heiress of her house; *tandem hæres*, as the pedigrees express it, and we shall see in the course of this history. You may see, as you are, no doubt, of exemplary behaviour, this and other pleasant things at Preston Hall once a-week, by applying for leave to do so.

Then, after a long stay here, they went up-stairs again, and visited all the apartments. There were grand old bedsteads in several of the bedchambers. Not old then, indeed. They were the same bedsteads which are there now, which you will see during your extremely well-behaved visit.

According to the precept of the great Burgundian Chasaneus, in his treatise *De Gloria Mundi*, at the back of each bedstead, under the solemn oaken tester, was written, in large Roman letters, in gold:

DORMIAT · IN · CHRISTO · QVI · LECTO · CVMBIT · IN · ISTO.

And an angel supported each of the four posts of the tester. Then they went up-stairs again to the chapel in the roof. It was extremely plain, capable of being speedily dismantled, and of being reduced to the appearance of an ordinary garret. There were no paintings, no decoration on the walls, no hangings, no altar-step, no fixed credence. An altar stood at the extremity of the room, which, on examination, proved to be so made as to take into four pieces with ease. On it was a step to hold candlesticks, and a very small tabernacle, carrying the crucifix; all which were also movable. And yet, so comparatively short a time was it since the Catholics had been driven from their own possessions to this poverty, that Mr. Preston himself had heard Mass in Westminster Abbey.

When they left the chapel—"We have one more place to show you," said Mr. Preston.

"What can that be?" said Father Alfred.

"A place which I hope you will never have any occasion to use. See, here it is"—pushing aside the panel—"a hiding-hole."

"I will look in," said Father Alfred. "I may as well." So he crept in, and took in a candle, and slid the panel back. "Can you see a light?" he said to his brother outside.

"Not a spark, I'll warrant you. No one can slide back the panel, if you will make it fast inside."

"I see," said Father Alfred.

He opened the panel again, and came out.

"We have two others to serve us at a pinch," said his bro-

ther; "but this is the best. One of the others is close to the chapel, for stowing away the altar and vestments."

"I hope none will ever come into use," said Father Alfred.

"Amen," said Mr. Preston. "It's a sad thing for an Englishman to have to build such things in his house; but I hope Prestons may live long enough to show them as sights, and useless."

So they all went into the withdrawing-room once more. The children were sent to bed, blessed again, and the brothers and Mrs. Preston sat up rather later than usual, and retired at the unusual hour of ten.

Next morning Father Alfred said Mass in the little chapel long before daylight, and did so for a week. And all the household frequented the Sacraments; and a sort of peace, like that which the older people still recollected in the village in Catholic times, seemed to have entered the house, and sheltered itself there.

CHAPTER III.

WE HEAR MASS.

FATHER ALFRED PRESTON had arrived on Saturday the 18th of November 1581. He said Mass the next morning, and passed the remainder of the week, in perfect seclusion, at Preston Hall. Early every morning he said Mass in the little chapel; and then, appearing throughout the day in a lay dress, his time was divided between saying his office, sitting with his brother and sister, and taking pleasant rambles about the estate, in any direction where he was not likely to meet with strangers. News straggled in 1581. Even the Derby Dilly, which at a later period glided down the vale of romantic Ashburn, had not yet come into existence. And news on horseback, and in manuscript, on very bad roads, did not, in England, fulfil Virgil's enthusiastic description of Fame. Even lies walked in those days. So the news of the termination of Father Campian's career did not reach Preston Hall with the same rapidity with which a similar event would now reach Preston Hall under the mild administration of a ministry selected from Exeter Hall. But it came at last. On the 7th of December, a messenger, arriving in much haste at Preston Hall after dark, delivered a letter to Mr. Preston, containing these few words:

"WORSHIPFUL SIR,

"These are to let you know, that on Monday the 20th day of November, Father Edward Campian was arraigned for

treason, and had sentence of death; which sentence was performed and executed on Friday last, being the first of this month December, at Tybourne. Our Lord have you in His holy keeping. I rest your assured servant, T. K.

“From London, this 3d day of December 1581.”

This T. K. was Thomas Kempsford, an old friend and playmate of Mr. Preston, when they were both together in the household of Cardinal Pole, at Lambeth and elsewhere. He was a layman, and now lived in London, very obscurely, to keep out of the way of persecution. He had found means to send this by private hands, knowing how important the information might be at Preston Hall. He said all that he dared to say, and left his friend to collect his fears. But we—have we not got it all in Hollinshed, how Father Campian was brought up, was arraigned of treason for having been abroad, and having received holy orders, and having returned to pervert her majesty's servants from their allegiance to her and her religion; and how, having enjoyed the inestimable privilege of trial by a jury of his countrymen, he received sentence to undergo those moderate penalties in the hour of death which the laws, in that behalf made and enacted, adjudged to his calling and his faith? The same historian informs us, with pleasant emotion, that he received from the bench a godly and comfortable exhortation; the fruits of which being, as we have the best reason for believing, entirely lost upon Father Campian, we can only hope were returned into the bosom of the comfortable giver.

Certainly the transaction was not viewed at Preston Hall either as godly or comfortable. The evening was spent after this news, at once so sad and so glorious, in grave consultation between the brothers and sister as to what should be the course with regard to Father Alfred; for they knew, from the fate of Campian and his associates, that more blood would be wanted. Yet, after all, as is so often the case, when they had talked over all such contingencies as occurred to them, they were forced back to a state of quiescence. What could they do more than they had done? Ambrose Perkins was Ambrose Perkins to all the neighbourhood; that is to say, to the very few who had seen him, or knew of his being there. They were as certain as they could be of any thing human that they had no traitor among them, and nothing had occurred to give them the least alarm as to themselves; so, though quite aware of the increase of danger at a distance, they resolved to do nothing.

Next morning, with all such little splendour as they could

venture upon, the festival of the Conception of Our Blessed Lady was kept at Father Alfred's Mass in the little chapel. With windows closed, and covered with heavy hangings so as to exclude the smallest ray of light from reaching the outside, the chapel gleamed with tapers, and was bright with holly and laurel.

Our friend Mr. Preston, of the year 1856, preserves with great veneration the little chalice which then and long after was used at Preston. It is very small; the cup unscrews from the stem, and the stem unscrews from the foot. The paten is of corresponding smallness. They had been made expressly for the English mission by an Antwerp silversmith, had received consecration from the hands of the Prince Bishop of Liège, and were first used when Father Alfred Preston said Mass with them in the garret-chapel at Preston.

The vestments also which Father Alfred wore this morning have come down to our time uninjured, except by the course of years. They were old when Father Alfred used them; part of the pillage of the religious house which old Benedict Preston secured, from some of the people who first became possessed of them at their sale. There were, and are, at Preston, several sets of these. But the chasuble which Father Alfred wore is well known, and kept separate from the rest. It is made of very soft silk, powdered with gold fleurs-de-lys and lions; and the cross on the back carries the image of our Blessed Lord, which stands up from the body of the fabric in high relief, like a carved figure—such a figure as you may see preserved on vestments in the sacristy of S. Stephen's Church at Mayence, and elsewhere; but not often.

We must quit this scene of gladness and religion for a little time.

The rectory of Preston had been in the patronage of the squires of that house for many generations, and was, indeed, at this time. But at the general sacrilege, when the church ceased to be one, a Protestant minister had to be put in the place of the Catholic rector. The present man was, as is amply testified of his brethren in other places by their own historians, a very inferior person. But he made up what he wanted in knowledge, order, and mission, by the average hatred of the period against all Christendom, and Preston Hall in particular. Like many such a man, he felt the undesirableness of his own position with most of the people in the parish, who could recollect better things, laughing at his absurd pretensions to minister to them, and, with Mr. Preston and his household and dependents, openly withdrawing from what Parson Wygins called his communion, although treating him with the

utmost personal courtesy. Parson Wyggins longed for the time to come for laying an information against Mr. Preston. Mr. Preston's urbanity, his goodness to the poor without any question of religion, the high opinion entertained of his probity, and his known devotion, as an Englishman, to the welfare of his country—these circumstances, and the universal popularity which he enjoyed in consequence, had hitherto shielded Mr. Preston from the penalties to which the new crime of recusancy—new, that is, since the Christians refused to fling incense on the altars of pagan gods—had exposed him.

At last his time came. Oreb Wyggins, the farm-man whom we mentioned before, was, in fact, a brother of the Protestant minister. They had both received pretty much the same sort of education; but John Wyggins, the elder brother, having succeeded better than his brother in mastering the mysteries of reading and writing, at length, in the scarcity of ministers which occurred all over the country at the setting up of the new religion, offered himself to the new Protestant bishop, was made a Protestant minister, and returned to his native Preston with the ancient and venerable title of parson of the Church doomed to everlasting ridicule in his person. His brother Oreb was of the same persuasion, as far as he had any. The family had been Catholics, like all others in Preston and every where else; and had been employed, time out of mind, by the Prestons; and were the only family attached to the Prestons who lost the faith. There could be no better rudiments of a good hatred. Nevertheless, old Benedict Preston and his son not only treated the pretended parson with great courtesy, but also kept Oreb as an out-door man, and were very kind to him. Any one who knows the world knows that honey, under such circumstances, turns to acid. John and Oreb had a perfectly good understanding, and always intended to have their day. It was observed, that on the last Sunday John had delivered himself from the pulpit in Preston Church of a tissue of abuse against the Catholic Church, much, we suppose, as may be heard from any Orange pulpit any Sunday now. He had collected some scraps of passages out of the sacred books of the Old Testament in the Geneva version—for, you know, "the authorised version," beginning with that bright occidental star, had not yet arrived in the world—and these he applied to the duties of Elizabethan Christians against those who held the old faith. In short, he prophesied of death; and hinted that vengeance might even find its way into certain proud and rebellious houses not very far from themselves.

There were not many people in the building—there never

were many; but those who were there were surprised at hearing language so original from a man who usually contented himself with reading one of those homilies which had been declared necessary for the times. They were surprised, and, on the whole, not much pleased: for even those who had lapsed into heresy retained their affection for the squire's house, and were sorry to think that any ill could befall it.

Oreb, sitting under his endowed brother as clerk, with horribly elongated visage, pulled his mouth open like the chive of an orange, and rendered his length of countenance still more remarkable with a grin.

Still, the week passed, up to the day of the festival, without any occurrence to disturb the house or the village; and people began to think that Parson John had only blazed away a little in an unusual outbreak of frolic Lutheranism.

Now Oreb Wyggins, whom our friend Stibbs the butler had thought quite out of the way, nevertheless did see the arrival of the pedlar at Preston Hall, and did also remark—for he waited to see—that the pedlar was received into the house, and did not come out again that night, at least not during the hours through which he watched for him. Next day it turned out that a Mr. Ambrose Perkins was staying with Mr. Preston. When did he come? Who ever heard of Mr. Ambrose Perkins in Preston before? Oreb and John Wyggins talked it over after John had read his even-song in the parish-church.

“He is the pedlar,” said John.

“A mass-priest, I'll answer for it,” said Oreb.

“No doubt, and not a Perkins. Who can he be?”

“One of Campian's men perhaps.”

So the worthies talked and beat about the bush, and were not very far from their prey.

News of Campian's death reached the rectory, by a different channel, on the same day that it reached Preston Hall. The rectory news had this addition, which was not needed at Preston Hall, that there were many other Jesuits and other “Romish” missionaries about the country, and among them one Father Alfred Preston; and that the queen's majesty and her highness's council were very anxious, if they could, to lay hold of some more; and that the French duke should not save one of them.

John sent for Oreb; Oreb came when his day's work was over at the farm, and was greeted by his genial brother with welcome, and a pot of humming rectory ale.

“Oreb,” said the possessor of tithe to the intoner of Hopkins, “we've got the man at last. Depend upon it your pedlar and Ambrose Perkins is Alfred Preston. To-morrow is

one of their Popish festivals, and they are sure to have all their massing furniture out; and if we are sharp we may catch him at it. Will you make a venture?"

Oreb paused. The orange-chive look came again into his mouth, and he grinned a grin. But it was a moment of compunction. He recollected the hand that had fed him, the voices that had been kind to him, the just and honest bounty which had made his home comfortable, and his life easy and healthy; and for a moment he doubted in his churl's soul whether he could do this thing. But Judas triumphed; so he said, "Yes."

"Well, then," said John, "we must be quick about it; for, as you know very well, when they have their massing over yonder, they are very early about it, and secret too."

"Ay, ay," said Oreb, "I've heard all about that."

"You must go to my Lord Soupington, at Soupington, the other side of Stumpingford, and take him this letter; whereupon, no doubt, he will raise a sufficient number of retainers, and we shall get the business done easily. I will take care that you are handsomely rewarded; and you can keep out of sight as much as you like."

Oreb consumed his liquor in silence; and soon after received from his brother a letter, addressed to the Lord Soupington, which remains in the archives of his descendant, the present duke, with the sight of which we have been favoured. It is written in a great bungling hand, worse than the bad hands of that day usually are, in these words:

"After my hearty commendacions plesith your good Lordship to wit, that I have certain knowledge that one Father Alfred Preston, a seminarie priest, is now at this present at Preston Hall, being one of Campian's crew, that hath lately suffered the just penalty for his treason against the laws and statutes of her most sacred majesty that now is; and that the said Father Alfred Preston, being brother to Mr. Benedict Preston, esquire, of this place, a known recusant, as myself can testify, doth purpose to say their Mass on the morrow, at six of the clock, being an idolatrous festival of Mary. Whereupon, if it so plesith your good Lordship to bring a many men with you by then to this place, haply you shall do that which shall be greatly pleasing to her highness's grace, and shall advance the safety of this realm; and so, desiring that in the premises your Lordship will be good lord to me, I humbly take my leave. From Preston, this seventh daye of December 1581. Resting your Lordship's most assured humble servant,
JOHN WYGGINS."

On the outside the letter was addressed: "To the Right

Honourable the Lord Soupington, at Soupington Grange, these be delivered. Haste, haste, haste."

Oreb saddled without delay the parson's cob; a very good one. And with the letter safely stowed in his breast over his false heart, he rode on his bad errand. And if the spirit of Judas ever revisits this world, he probably sat behind Oreb that night. We decline accompanying him, therefore, on his journey, and will meet the reader at Soupington Grange.

[To be continued.]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE MOON.

SIR,—More people have an interest in the moon than we wot of. I am inclined to believe she has a great influence on the tides of the affairs of men, as well as on those of the ocean. By means of her devoted mystæ, such as Drummond and Spooner, she sometimes breaks down the dykes and defences of the Catholic party in England when they least expect it; though I do not know why we should not expect any amount of annoyance in present circumstances. England has a great duty to perform; sore as she is about her failures, and her lost prestige, she yet has to thank God for her victories: a discontented thankfulness is no pleasant humour; it could not be more conveniently manifested than in persecuting the assumed enemies of God. Pious Protestants are never more crabbed than when newly arisen from the perusal of the Bible. It is nothing that but a few months ago England owed every thing to Catholics;—to the Irish who formed one-third of her army, to the French her allies, to the Sardinians who furnished a contingent, to the Austrians who frightened her enemy,—that is all changed. The devil was sick, and he sent for sisters of mercy to nurse him, and hinted that he was thinking of turning monk. But the danger past, and God forgotten, he has relapsed into all his bad ways. When England's hope, her army, was sick, our priests and our nuns were sent for to nurse and tend it; but no sooner is the war ended, no sooner has the ridiculous review consigned to inglorious infirmaries some three hundred ships, built but to be bedridden, constructed to be consumptive, than we have a renewal of all the old injustices and insults; Spooner gets his majority in favour of cutting off the supplies of priests to replace those who have sacrificed their lives in the Crimea; and other members expect to be equally fortunate in subjecting sisters of mercy

to magisterial inspection, in diverting Catholic trusts to Protestant administration, and in placing Catholic children in the hands of Protestant educators; worse than all, the whole House of Commons rises in protest against our Holy Father, talks of ousting him from his dominions, would divert all the water to one mill, would turn the Protestant grindstones with the torrents of blood that our Catholic allies have shed for quite a different cause, and use the war for revolutionising Italy, and secularising the government of the Papal States. Verily, as Shakespeare says, peace makes men hate one another, because they then less need one another. Peace, says Dryden, is war in masquerade; the worst, because the most hypocritical of all wars.

But not in the House of Commons only does the moon exercise her influence. The young May moon also makes flood-tide in Exeter Hall, and sends out its emissaries to scabble over the walls and door-posts of our metropolis invitations to read the *Sentinel*, and denunciations of "Mariolatry," "wafer-gods," "Jesuits," "mass-mongers," "confessionals," and "Puseyite traitors." A proof of David's accuracy of observation, when, in order to feign himself mad, "he scabbled* on the doors of the gates."

But with respect, more directly, to the moon: that ruling power has little reason to be satisfied with the atrocious manner in which some of its prerogatives have been assailed by a certain dogmatic inspector of schools, who appears to suppose that all England will be as docile as the little school-girls whom he initiates into the private principles of his peculiar astronomy. The gentleman alluded to, Mr. Jellinger Symons, affirms that the moon, because in turning round the earth she always keeps the same face to our globe, therefore does not turn on her own axis,—that she has motion of revolution, but not of rotation. Hence, on the other hand, he ought to say, that if she successively turned different sides to the earth, if we at one time saw her face and at another her occiput, then she might be said to turn on her own axis. Now this may be very simply tested by experiment. Put an inkstand on the table; lay a pen near it with its point turned to the north; put your hand upon the pen, and turn it round the inkstand, first keeping its point always towards the north; in that case it successively turns plume and point, right and left side to the inkstand, and therefore, according to Mr. Symons, it must revolve on its axis. But its axis, which is your arm, is not twisted; you can make as many revolutions as you please with

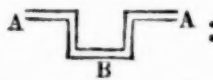
* According to the Protestant version of 1 Kings xxi. 13. Quoted in Johnson's Dictionary, *sub voce* Scabble.

the greatest ease, without once shifting your fingers. Next, turn the pen round the inkstand, always keeping its point towards the inkstand, as the moon always keeps its face to the earth; you must shift your fingers before you have made half a revolution, or you must twist your arm off. In the first case your arm, the axis of the pen, feels no rotation; in the second case it is sensible of a very painful twist. Yet Mr. Symons affirms axial rotation for the first case, and denies it for the second—and Mr. Symons is an inspector of schools.

But, says Mr. Symons, if you were to attach the moon to the earth by a rigid bar, she would behave precisely as she does at present. She turns on her axis just as the cog of a wheel turns on its axis, and no more has a rotary motion independent of the earth than the cog has a rotary motion independent of the nave of the wheel.

Here now is Mr. Symons's scepticism: like that of Epicurus, who would not believe the sun to be much bigger than it looks; or like that of any school-girl, who refuses to believe that a piece of metal is just as warm as a piece of silk lying upon it. As the thermometer helps us to correct our sense of touch by our eye, so Mr. Symons should try to correct his sight by his touch.

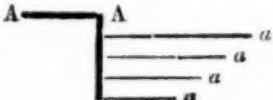
I can quite enter into his difficulties. He cannot understand how every point in the mass of a rotating body can be said to have two independent motions—one of revolution round the centre of the body, another of rotation round its own axis: how, for instance, Mount Hecla, or the Peak of Teneriffe, can in any sense be said not only to turn round the axis of the earth, but also to rotate on their own axes; or how, to put it more generally, every individual atom in the mass of the earth has this rotation round its own axis: he cannot conceive this, without thinking of these atoms lying independent of each other, like shots in a bag, and each grinding against the other, like a vast system of cog-wheels.

Now, I think I can illustrate this fact so as to prove it, if not to the sight, at least to the touch. Let any one look at the great shaft of a steam-engine; just where the piston joins, it is interrupted; the shaft is cut; a piece, say a foot long, is taken out, and is fixed at some distance from the line of the shaft by the perpendicular pieces, in this form :

now, when the part A A turns on its axis, does the part B do any thing more than revolve round the axis A A? Does it also turn on its own axis? The eyesight, and common sense itself, seem to say no. We must suppose, then, that B does not revolve on its own axis.

But now let the inquirer take hold of the handle of the first grindstone he comes to, and turn it. On the hypothesis, the handle does not rotate on its own axis, but simply revolves round the axis of the stone. Very well then, grasp the handle tight, and turn it. It will tear your skin off unless you loosen your hold; and when you grasp it loosely and turn, you feel the handle rotate in your hand. Now, your hand clearly does not rotate; your knuckles are always turned upwards; your arm moves with a compound motion, backwards and forwards, up and down, but clearly it is not twisted. The motion of rotation is in the handle of the stone, not in your arm. But perhaps you fancy that this rotation is round the central axis of the stone, not round the excentric axis of the handle which you are grasping. Impossible! How can a thing rotate round a *distant* axis? The axis on which a thing *rotates* must be within it. You feel the handle rotate once in your hand for every revolution of the stone. It rotates within the hand, on its own axis, not on the axis of the stone, which is without your hand.

But now it is clear that the perpendicular distance of the part of the handle which you grasp from the central axis of the stone is quite indifferent. Suppose, then, that in the perpendicular bearing-iron a number of grasping handles were

introduced in this manner— whichever of the

handles you grasped when you turned the stone, you would feel each equally rotate within the hand, and therefore *on its own axis*. But now suppose that all of these handles were made to approach so close to one another that you could no longer grasp them separately; you convinced yourself that each of them rotated on its own axis when they were six inches apart; evidently the conditions are not changed when they are only the hundredth part of an inch apart; still each handle rotates on its own axis when the whole is turned. Next, suppose them all to be soldered together in a solid mass—still each point *a, a, a, a*, rotates on its own axis when the stone is turned, besides revolving round the central axis *A A*.

Now to apply this to the earth. Suppose you were standing exactly on the north pole; you would be, as it were, a continuation of the axis of the earth, and you would rotate on your own axis once in twenty-four hours. Then, if you stepped six yards from the same place, you would describe a circle of six yards radius round the pole in twenty-four hours in addition to your former motion of rotation. Suppose any gigantic being outside the earth, and not turned with it, could

put his hand loosely round you, as you put yours round the handle of the grindstone, would he not feel you rotate in his hand once in twenty-four hours, precisely as you felt the handle do once for every revolution of the stone? Imagine that the frost-giants of Scandinavian mythology use Mount Hecla as a handle to turn the earth on its axis, must not the mountain rotate in their hand? Whether or not we can represent the fact in our imagination, our touch informs us that all the molecules of a rotating body have an absolute rotation in space round their own axes, and yet always keep the same faces turned towards each other, just as in the compound handle I described just now each handle rotates on its own axis when the stone is turned, without changing its relative position to the rest of the handles.

But now, further, the motion of revolution is quite independent of that of rotation: when I turn the grindstone, my hand revolves round the axis of the stone, but makes no rotation; I always keep my knuckles in one direction, pointing upwards or pointing downwards. The handle within my hand makes two motions—revolution round the axis of the wheel, and rotation round its own axis within my hand. A body revolving round another may either have both these motions, as the moon, or only one, as my hand when I turn the grindstone. If a body having only the motion of revolution is suddenly stopped, all motion ceases; but if a body having both motions suddenly ceases to revolve, in consequence of its inertia it still continues to rotate. This may be shown by a very simple experiment. Take a common washing-basin, turn it upside down, and balance it on a metal point held in your hand at arm's length. Then turn on your heel; the basin *revolves* round you as you turn, but there is no reason it should rotate on its axis; in fact it does not; it keeps the part originally turned to the north still in that direction; so that as you turn, it successively presents all its faces to you, and appears to you to turn, but, in reality, though moved round a circle, it remains without any movement of rotation. Now stop suddenly; the basin is quite still on the metal point: there was no rotation for the *vis inertiae* to continue. Next, by means of a finger hold the basin fixed as you turn; now it has two motions; it *revolves* round you, and it rotates on its own axis, because it presents the same face successively to all points of the compass: now take your finger away at the same moment that you stop your movement on your heel, so as to leave the basin freely balanced; you will find it continue to rotate for a short time. Now this seems a regular puzzle. While the basin was free, it had only one motion; it

revolved, but it did not rotate on its axis (though of course the point on which it was balanced rotated under it). But fix it, and it immediately has two motions; and if you leave it freely balanced just when you stop, the second motion of rotation is continued by the *vis inertiae* after the first (that of revolution) has ceased. This experiment may be varied in many ways. Hang a hoop by a short hair to a stick, hold out the stick straight, and turn on your heel; the hoop still continues in the same direction as it was at first, till the twisting of the hair (which rotates, though the hoop does not) begins to influence the hoop. Or it may be tried with a ball of wood floating in a basin of water: place the basin on the edge of a round table, and then turn the table on its centre; the basin evidently revolves round the centre of the table, and turns on its own axis also; but there is no reason why the floating ball should rotate on its own axis; the friction of the water is not sufficient to connect it as a part of a rigid system with the table, and you will find that the ball remains quite still, the same face pointing to the north during the whole revolution. Of course the apparent effect to the eye is as if the ball turned in the basin; the fact is, the basin rotates, while the ball is still. The appearance is a mere deception—exactly like the deception which makes us suppose the earth to go round the sun. Turn yourself till you become giddy, and you will fancy you are still, and that every thing is turning round you. On a ship you appear to be still, and the shore and the houses seem to recede. So when you hold the balanced basin: when it is still, it appears to you to rotate; when it moves with you, it appears to you to be still. Not so, however, to a disinterested spectator, who sees that the basin, as it moves round you, always keeps the same face to him.

After all, the idea of motion is only comparative, not positive. If there were only one thing in an else-universal vacuum, however rapidly this thing might move, there could be no possible means of testing its motion. Add another thing, then we could measure the comparative motion of the two, unless they moved in lines completely parallel, and always kept the same relation to each other. But fill space with objects, and the comparative motion of each will be still more easy to ascertain; yet even now we can only measure comparative motion, not absolute motion in space. Looking only at the solar system, we can only determine the motions of the planets with regard to the sun and each other, not the motion of the sun with regard to Sirius. Looking at the sun and Sirius, we can determine their common motion; but we cannot determine how much absolutely belongs to each with-

out taking in other fixed stars as elements of the comparison. And, after all is said and done, we cannot with any accuracy determine the absolute motion of the sun in space; but only its relative motion with regard to the general mass of stars. Absolute motion in space is a mere chimera, necessary to be supposed, but impossible to be tested. Relative motion is all that we can determine; and we determine this, not from our own individual centre, but from an external and comprehensive view of the whole system of motion. To us on the earth the moon seems to have her face fixed in one direction, always looking towards us; to a spectator external to the system, on the sun, the moon would seem to rotate, because she would successively turn her face and her occiput to him.

It could easily be managed that she should always keep her face turned towards the spectator on the sun while she revolved round the earth, just as in turning the handle of an upright coffee-mill I always keep the same side of my hand towards my eyes. In this case, the moon would seem to the spectator on the earth to rotate on her own axis, when to the more comprehensive view of the spectator on the sun she would manifestly be without this motion of rotation; yet if, in the annual course of the earth round the sun, the moon always kept the same face towards the spectator in the sun, then we should be obliged to allow her a rotation on her axis once a year, as would appear clear to any spectator placed outside the orbit of the earth. In this way we might superimpose motions *ad indefinitum*, all having a mechanical reality, but excessively puzzling to our weak brains. But the reality of all these motions can be tested; motion is the expression of force, and each motion is the expression of a separate force. It is one force that carries the moon round the earth, and another that makes the moon rotate on its axis. Now one force may be arrested without damage to another. If the earth were suddenly withdrawn, the revolution of the moon would cease; but its rotation would continue, just as is shown in the experiment of the balanced basin.

Mr. Symons seems to feel convinced that the moon and earth make up one rigid system; I deny that they do so now, but I readily own that once they probably did so. I can imagine the time when the earth was a diffused nebula filling the whole of the moon's orbit, and when the moon was another nebula sticking to the surface of the blurred and bloated earth. Then the system was a rigid one. But now the earth is shrunk and solidified, it has left the moon to her own devices; and though she continues precisely the same motion as she had when attached to the surface of the earth, and though this motion

was communicated to her by one simple cause, namely, attachment to the earth, yet the motion itself is compound, more forces than one combine to cause it; and if the force which causes her revolution were to cease, the force which causes her rotation would still be active—she would go on rotating after she had ceased revolving.

On the whole, I cannot congratulate Mr. Jellinger Symons on his good sense: his refusal to believe mathematical and mechanical truths seems to me quite as absurd as Cardinal Bellarmine's opposition to Galileo can seem to him. I dare say that Mr. Symons is a very clever and good man in his way, but he certainly has not a vocation to set us right about the moon. He may get very angry and abuse us, but he will scarcely convince us—

“*Scilicet arma magis quam sidera, Romule, noras.*”

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

May 6, 1856.

RICHARD AP WILLIAM.

Reviews.

NUNS AND NURSES IN THE EAST.

Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses; the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari. By a Lady Volunteer. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Now peace is proclaimed, we shall probably have abundant leisure to inquire into the effects which the familiar intercourse of our soldiers and sailors with the army and navy of our Catholic allies has had upon our English prejudices; and to cast up the results which have been attained by the spectacle of the self-sacrifice of priests and sisters of charity daily displayed to our suffering troops. Now we shall have an opportunity of seeing whether these men have come to a different conclusion as to the merits of that religion whose priests come forth from Maynooth, and whose sisters from the convents, from our bigoted home-population, who wish to starve out the one, and to suppress the others.

The first instalment of materials for this inquiry is fur-

nished by the volumes before us, of which we shall at once proceed to give some account.

The national enthusiasm for the victory of the Alma, the sympathy of all true hearts for the cruel sufferings of our wounded and sick soldiers, and an honest emulation of the admirable sisters of charity who attended on the French troops, soon led to the formation of an English band of nurses. Party-spirit yielded to the exigencies of the occasion; Miss Sellon and Lord Shaftesbury were found engaged in the same cause, and a party of Irish and English sisters of mercy submitted to the inexperienced guidance of the lady who was placed over the expedition. In one thing, however, the sisters were happier than the rest of the party; belonging to an old-established order, being not merely an extemporaneous assemblage, they had their own rules, and were not obliged to submit to the absurd regulations which the Government imposed on all the rest, whether lady volunteers or paid nurses, namely, that all were to be clothed in the same way, all to go out on the same footing of equality as hospital nurses.

On their arrival in the East, the party to which our narrator belonged was the victim of the blundering and want of foresight of the officials, and was detained with nothing to do for many dreary weeks at Therapia—weeks that sorely tried the patience of the ladies, though they may have helped to acclimatise them. At length the work came; the author was first introduced to the hospital at Scutari, from whence she afterwards volunteered to that of Koulali. At Scutari she saw all the horrors which have been so well described by the correspondent of the *Times*; but she brings them more before us, and gives us the details of the incredible difficulties and obstacles which the inflexible and wooden stupidity of the inspectors threw in the way of the ladies when they wished to provide the necessary food (comforts were altogether out of the question) for the mass of hopeless suffering that was festering in the wards.

We will pass over these descriptions, which are all too few—the two volumes are marvellously distended with irrelevant matter concerning Malta and Gibraltar, St. Sophia and Constantine the Great; though even these things have an interest in showing us the wondering, unsophisticated, domestic mind of the lady volunteer—in order to quote her impressions of the soldiers whom she helped to nurse, and of the Catholic sisters whose labours she shared.

“One thing,” she says, “made labour light and sweet; and this was, the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men. No words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded; and as long as we stayed

among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position. Standing by those in bitter agony, when the force of old habits is great, or by those in the glow of returning health, or walking up the wards among orderlies and sergeants, never did a word which could offend a woman's ear fall upon ours. Even in the barrack-yard, passing by the guard-room or entrances, where stood groups of soldiers smoking and idling, the moment we approached all coarseness was hushed; and this lasted not a week or a month, but the whole of my twelve months' residence, and my experience is also that of my companions."

She gives touching little pictures of different cases which she nursed.

"The tenacity of life in poor Cooney was wonderful; day by day, night after night, he lived and suffered on; growing weaker and weaker. How his piteous moans went through the hearts of his attendants! how terrible it was to watch the distortion of agony on his young face! Poor boy! He was very patient, and he said, he knew 'it was best for him, or the good God would not send him such suffering, and his trust was in Him, and he did try to be patient.'"

Another case of a second Irishman, named Fitzgerald:

"Among so many interesting cases, he was one distinguished from all the others, not only by his patience, but his cheerfulness. He was an Irishman all over, always merry, and making the best of every thing; his gratitude for being waited on was great. Even when apparently in a dying state, he would look up into our faces and smile. He lingered on, his doctors having no hope of his recovery; it seemed impossible he could rally from such a shock. However, he did."

These contrast rather favourably with the case of an Englishman:

"He was brought to Koulali hospital and treated for frost-bite; but when in a fair way of recovery from this, and with the prospect of coming home invalided, it was discovered that he had sustained a severe internal injury, from which there was but slight hope of his recovery; and the disappointment seemed to make his cup of sorrow run over, and he lay there in utter despair, not caring how soon death might release him. He was a member of the Church of England."

These cases are contrasted by the writer herself, upon whose mind the quiet and orderly energy of the nuns seems to have had a very great influence. In fact, as the volumes proceed, she speaks more like a Catholic than a Protestant. She,

much better than the gentlemen who constitute the Committee of the Nightingale Fund, must know where honour is due; and she certainly gives the chief credit to the sisters. For instance, when, through the departure of some of the ladies, and the illness of others, the whole care of both the Koulali hospitals had devolved upon herself and ten sisters, she thus speaks of the way in which the work was performed:

“Never can that lady forget the indefatigable manner in which the Sisters of Mercy carried on the work of the hospital. Already tasked beyond their strength, they willingly and cheerfully took the additional work which the departure, illness, and death among the lady-staff had thrown on their hands; and so admirable was their method, so unremitting their skill, that no patient in the hospital (it may confidently be said) suffered from the diminution of numbers.”

Nothing would convince the English government that any of its extemporary regulations could be other than wise; in spite of the misconduct of the hired nurses, it kept up its regulation of equalising them, both in position and dress, with the lady volunteers, who complained of the wearing anxiety and the bitter humiliation which this association brought upon them, as a small body of English women alone in a foreign country, where the act of one brought disgrace upon all. Nurse after nurse had to be sent away for intoxication, or worse misconduct; after eight months half the original number had been dismissed. The authorities at home took umbrage at this, and sent the ladies a reproof, demanding more particulars of the cases; but only obtained a genuine ladies' rebuke, who replied, that their duties did not include the reformation of women of loose character, nor the registration of their misdeeds.

The reverend mother who presided over the nuns seems to have been a universal genius: she alone could make good rice-puddings out of the “inferior milk, rice, and eggs, provided by our government;” while sister M—— J—— seems to have been the model accountant. “The sisters' long experience in all matters concerning the care of the poor and sick gave them a great superiority over us; and they were ever ready to show us their method and to enter into our difficulties, which were not a few.” Under their management the upper hospital soon became the “model,” which the ladies were anxious to imitate. Our readers can easily imagine the gratitude and pride with which they inspired the Catholic patients; but their influence did not stop there.

“There was a wharf just below Koulali where steamers often came to coal; once or twice the crews were principally Irish. The

sailors had leave to go on shore, and dispersed themselves about the country; they went through the hospital-wards, evidently delighted at the comfortable appearance of the men. They looked at and admired every thing; but when they met their countrywomen, the Sisters of Mercy, in the barrack-yard, they were quite overjoyed. When they found that they lived at the general hospital, they poured up the hill in troops to visit them and attend their chapel. Many who had not attended to their religious duties for years were persuaded to do so now. They did not forget the ladies either."

This is a power for good which England lacks; nothing can exceed the personal pride with which the French, the Sardinian, or the Irish soldier looks on his own Sister of Charity. When one appears, officers and soldiers crowd around her; they look upon her as their exclusive property, and treat her with affectionate respect.

"Amid the rough soldiers, and among the scenes of horror and distress, the *sœurs* move fearless and unharmed. Around them is a shield which insult dares not touch. As safe on the battle-field, or in the hospital-tent, or the ambulance in some foreign town, as they are in their convent home; the wards of the hospital or the streets of the city are their cloisters, hired rooms are their cells, the fear of God is their grating, and a strict and holy modesty their only veil. No wonder the Frenchman pays them such respect and honour, for they are worthy of it tenfold."

It is not that the heart of the Englishman is narrower, is less accessible, than that of the Frenchman or Irishman; on the contrary, the authoress is full of confidence in the "tenderness of the brave hearts" of the soldiers, and of the spirit of religion which is deep hidden in the men who compose the British army, which "only needs culture to bring it out;" she is sure that "had not its spiritual wants been so grievously neglected, it would not have become noted for its irreligion, nor would English parents have had cause to consider it a disgrace that their sons should fill its ranks." She tells very touching stories of the ardent gratitude which the poor men expressed and testified, as they best could, for every thing that the ladies did for them, their silent resignation, their shame and incredulous surprise at the idea of ladies performing menial offices for them, writing their letters, or sitting on their beds to feed them and to arrange their pillows.

These men would soon come to love their sisters as heartily as the French do their *sœurs*, if it were not that a wolfish religion, "with belly gaunt and famished face," denied them this consolation. When their work was over at Koulali, and the sisters were removed to the hospital at Balaclava, the

ladies could not restrain their tears at the parting. "From first to last the greatest cordiality had subsisted between all the ladies and sisters, and some of us felt we were parting from tried and warm friends."

"Passing down to the quay, they were again stopped by the number of patients, orderlies, and soldiers from the detachment, crowding to say good-bye, and shower down a last blessing on the heads of those who had been so long their nurses and comforters. The quay was crowded with soldiers and officers; every one in the hospital was sorry they were going; for their simple holy lives had won the respect and good-will of all. The general expressed his sorrow at their valuable services being lost to the hospitals in his command. The medical officers spoke in the highest terms of the assistance they had rendered while under their orders."

We quote an account of the funeral of one of these sisters who died at Balaclava,—the second who sacrificed her life in that hospital.

"Before the funeral commenced, some of the *Sœurs de la Charité* from the Sardinian camp came with love and sympathy to their sisters in Christ. Neither band knew the other's language; but, united in the language of one common faith, they joined together in prayer. Soldiers of the 89th regiment carried the coffin, followed by the sisters—a Sister of Mercy and a Sister of Charity side by side. They passed through the double file of soldiers, all with heads uncovered. The coffin rested in the chapel, where seven priests chanted the burial-service. The chapel was crowded two hours before the service commenced. When the coffin was carried forth, the concourse was immense. Medical officers, and the Lady Superintendent of St. George's Hospital, attended. It must have been pleasing to the sisters under their affliction to witness the love and respect paid to the memory of their lost sister by all."

We have quoted enough to show that some results must have been obtained by the brilliant display of the self-sacrifice and the intelligent energy of our sisters in the eyes of our whole army. Many a brave heart has ideas of nuns now very different from those with which he used to read Miss Strickland's tales or Mr. Drummond's speeches. Whether this feeling has reached the benches of our senate-house we doubt. The opinion of our Spooners and Newdegates, which was never got into their heads by facts or by arguments, cannot be driven out by facts or by arguments either. They are probably as bigoted in their irrational hostility to our convents as ever they were. We only hope that when we are treated to our annual assault, in the shape of a bill for an inspection of these places, some gentleman will take the trouble to read to the House the testimony which this Protestant

lady, who volunteered to nurse and to save the lives which parliamentary incompetency was sacrificing, bears to the conduct of the sisters, and then, in the name of gratitude, dare them to pass their bill into a law. Are we to say that the people of England are not bigoted, when they propose to spend thousands on a "Nightingale testimonial;" and to offer to those who, as our author confesses, were much more efficient nurses than any of Miss Nightingale's ladies, a law that will subject them to an intolerable official inspection as *their* share of the reward! The same action is to be repaid in the Protestant with honour and a subscription-list, in the Catholic with a gross insult!

In conclusion, we will quote the lady's reflections on the persons who ought to be employed in hospitals,—reflections which bring vividly before us the want of Catholic hospitals in the metropolis, and in other great centres of our religion, where the real work and the merits of the sisters might be displayed for the edification of the world.

"There are two reasons which may be alleged against the permanent employment of ladies. For the arduous duties of an hospital (especially in a foreign country) long training is required ere the health can endure them. The neglect of this precaution will cause a waste of many valuable lives, while the amount of good for which they will be sacrificed will be but small. Again, experience is necessary for the attainment of skill in nursing, and it is therefore necessary that nurses should be changed as seldom as possible. But this is simply unavoidable when they are ladies possessing home-ties and duties which they are only enabled temporarily to relinquish. Of course there are exceptions to this as well as all other objections which may be raised against the plan; but I speak not of small or isolated efforts, I speak of a supply to the present great deficiency of nurses for the poor of England.

How small has been the number of women sent to the military hospitals of Scutari, Koulali, and Balaclava!—142 in all; and of these only 55 were volunteers, 27 ladies, 28 Sisters of Mercy; and of these only 17 ladies and 20 sisters were on the spot at one time; while in the French and Sardinian services there have been hundreds of *Sœurs de la Charité*.

But, I repeat, it is not for military hospitals alone that we want better nurses. War, it is hoped, has almost passed, and its trials and troubles too; but as long as this world continues, suffering will go on, and will prevail to its greatest extent among the poor. And shall England, who proudly boasts her superiority in science, government, and wealth above other nations, be behindhand in alleviating the bitter sufferings of her own children?

Many who read these pages have perhaps never passed within hospital-walls; many more, if they have done so, have paid their

visits at appointed times, when all looked its best. But others, as well as myself, have learnt our experience of hospital-work from more authentic sources. We have *lived* in hospital-wards, going there for the purpose of preparing ourselves—first, to undertake nursing of the poor at home, and again when about to proceed to the East.

We placed ourselves under the hospital-nurses, receiving our instruction from them, and thus, being possessed of no authority over them, were admitted behind the scenes of hospital-life; and what we saw there, of disobedience to medical orders and cruelty to patients, would fill pages, and make those who read shudder,—shudder as we have often done when we saw some little innocent child, who from some terrible accident had been brought into the hospital, exposed to that atmosphere of evil. More evil was heard in one hour in a London hospital than would meet one's ears during months passed in a military one. One word must be said for the nurses. Their work is no light one. The founder of the Sisters of Charity deemed that the attendance on all the loathsome diseases of mankind should exempt his daughters from practising any of those austerities which are enforced on religious communities. It is no easy task to bear with patience the endless fretfulness of hundreds of sick; to listen to long complaints with real sympathy, and speak soothing words when body and mind are alike worn; to stand by the sufferer when about to undergo some fearful operation; to maintain a cheerful spirit when the familiar sounds are those of moans, of sufferings, of sharp cries of agony, while the very atmosphere is impregnated with disease; to be firm in carrying out the doctor's commands when they are a torture to the patients, and yet gentle and self-sacrificing in all that concerns themselves. While watchful care must be taken that familiarity with the sight and sound of suffering does not bring that hardening to it which is apt to creep over even a naturally tender nature, and which is one great cause of the cruelty and neglect practised by hospital-nurses;—no, a good nurse must receive every fresh case of affliction as though it were her first. Yet all this, and far more, would be the portion of a hospital-nurse. Can any believe that the love of gain, or mere kindness of heart, can accomplish this?"

We must now take our leave of these volumes, hoping that the noble self-sacrifice of the author may, ere this, have drawn down a reward that will amply repay all her labours,—the grace of becoming a Catholic.

CUZCO AND LIMA.

Cuzco and Lima. By Clements R. Markham, F.R.G.S.
London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

THIS is a very entertaining book, and a great deal more instructive than the generality of voyages and travels. It gives us a geographical, historical, and ethnological account of Peru and its ancient and modern inhabitants, under the Incas, the Spanish viceroys, and the actual republic; with a short notice of the ancient Peruvian literature, and a grammar of the Quichua language, which is rising into more and more importance every day; for instead of the Spanish gaining on the old Indian language, as might naturally be supposed, the Quichua language bids fair to become the national language of Peru, as the Spanish all speak Quichua, and but few of the Indians speak Spanish.

Most of our readers are aware that when the Spanish first invaded Peru they found a moderately civilised people under a sovereign called the Inca, claiming descent from Ynti, the Sun; which luminary was worshipped, not as the chief divinity, as is generally supposed, but as a subordinate one. The first Inca was Manco Ccapac, who, about the year 1021, appeared on the borders of the lake Titicaca with his wife, and gave out that he was the child of the Sun, and was commissioned to instruct the natives in the arts and sciences. From him descended a long line of Incas, seventeen in all, who reigned till the country was subjugated by the Spaniards. It is worthy of remark, that about the same time that Manco Ccapac appeared in Peru, there arose, on the table-land of Anahuac, another man named Quetzalcoatl, who taught the Toltecs, or aboriginal Mexicans, the arts and sciences, and of whose buildings we may have specimens in the ruins of Axmul and Palenque. Quetzalcoatl was afterwards worshipped by the Aztecs, who inhabited Mexico on the decline of the Toltecs, and who were civilised by them. And at the same time Bochica, a child of the Sun, appeared on the mountains of Bogota, who taught the people to build and sow. He also appointed two princes—one ecclesiastical, the other civil,—a peculiarity that only exists elsewhere in Japan and Thibet.

Now, who were these three strangers? By different writers, a Chinese, Armenian, Egyptian, and even English origin has been assigned to them. We are more inclined to agree

with Schlegel and Cardinal Wiseman, that they came to the shores of South and Central America from China, or other parts of Eastern Asia. Rivero says they were Buddhist priests; and there certainly is some similarity between the Buddhist and Peruvian religion.

One observation we would make on this subject. Fergusson, in his *Handbook of Architecture*, when speaking of Peru, says, "it would be a tempting subject for speculation to try and account for the remarkable similarity in style that exists between these Peruvian buildings and the Pelasgic or Etruscan remains in Italy." He then goes on to say, that although, if the Peruvian remains were placed in Italy, and the Etruscan in Peru, good architects could not distinguish one from the other, still he thinks the resemblance wholly accidental, on account of the difference of their date. Now Mr. Markham says, "there is no doubt that many of these remains are long anterior to the time of Manco Ccapac." The Incas, perhaps, only imitated the architecture of the old inhabitants, therefore the two styles may have been contemporaneous; and as we all know the Etruscan or Pelasgic race were Asiatic in origin, it is not at all improbable that the Peruvian has the same Asiatic origin as the Etruscan.

There is another remarkable coincidence. The virgins of the Sun in Peru took perpetual vows of celibacy, and were appointed guardians of the holy fire on the altar of the Sun at Cuzco, to keep it constantly burning. Now this is precisely similar to the institution of the vestal virgins and worship of Vesta, who is known to have been a goddess not of Roman but Etruscan origin; therefore, again, it is not at all unlikely that not only the Incas, but the aboriginal inhabitants of Peru, may have originally come from the same Asiatic source as the Etruscans.

The principal deities of the Peruvians were Ynti, the sun; Quilla, the moon, his sister and spouse, to whom gold and silver were respectively sacred; Coyllur-cuna, the host of heaven; Chasca, the planet Venus, the youth with flowery golden locks; Ccuicha, the rainbow; and Yllapa, thunder and lightning. But, above all these, they worshipped Pacha-camac, the Lord of Heaven, the one God who ruled all things, and whose slaves these inferior divinities were. That the worship of this God, however, was not generally adopted, the following colloquy will show:

"One of the Incas, the famous Huayna Ccapac, is said, at the great festival of Raymi, to have fixed his eyes with irreverent boldness on the great visible object of adoration, the brilliant Sun.

'O Inca,' remonstrated the Huillac Umu (or high-priest of the

Sun), 'what is it you do? you give cause of scandal to your court and people in thus gazing on the sublime Ynti.'

Turning upon the high-priest, Huayna Ccapac asked, 'Is there any one here who dare command me to go whithersoever he chooses?'

'How could any one be so bold?' replied the Huillac Umu.

'But,' said the Inca, 'is there any Curaca* who will disobey my commands, if I order him to proceed into the remotest parts of Chili?'

'No, they cannot certainly refuse your mandate, even unto death,' answered the priest.

'Then,' replied the enlightened monarch, 'I perceive that there must be some other more powerful Lord, whom our father the Sun esteems as more supreme than himself, by whose commands he every day measures the compass of the heavens without intermission.'"

They also believed in a place of future reward and punishment, and in the guiding providence of God in all the cares and duties of life, and that every created thing had its *mama*, or spiritual essence; and they worshipped Huacas precisely similar to the Roman Lares and Penates.

The worship was a ritual one. Mr. Markham gives us a specimen of a hymn in the ritual of Quilla, one of the oldest in the language; preserved by Garcilasso de la Vega, of Inca extraction:

"It appears to be an imaginative piece addressed to the moon," says Mr. Markham, "in which her brother, the sun, by breaking a vase, is supposed to cause the fall of rain and snow:

Sumac Nūsta	Beautiful princess,
Turallay Quim	thy brother
Sunuy quita	thy urn
Pacquiy carcan	has broken.
Hino mantara	For that blow
Cunununan	it thunders (there flashes around)
Yllapantac	and bolts fall (thunder and lightning).
Camri Nūsta	But thou, O princess,
Unuy quita	pouring forth,
Paracta munqui	dost drop rain,
Ca nimpiri	and again
Chichi munqui	dost drop hail,
Riti munqui	dost drop snow.
Pacha Rurac	The Maker of the earth,
A Viracocha	Viracocha,
Cay hennapanca	has intrusted
Churan ssunqui	and committed
Cona ssunqui.	this office to you."

While we are on the subject of Quichua hymns and poetry, we will give a literal translation from an old drama, which was

* Mr. Markham writes as if his readers were perfectly acquainted with the Quichua language. 'Curaca' is one of the words he expects us to guess the meaning of by instinct.

acted before the Incas, as a specimen of the poetic literature of the people.

“The play commences with a colloquy between Ollantay and his servant Piqui Chaqui, or ‘the swift of foot,’ in a street at Cuzco; Ollantay, in a gilded tunic, with a macana or war-club in his hand, opens the conversation :

Ollantay. Piqui Chaqui, hast thou beheld
The princess Cusi Coyllur in the palace?

Piqui Chaqui. The Sun, our deity, forbids it.
Know you not that it is unlawful
To look upon a daughter of the Inca?

Ollan. And know you not that nothing
Can move my love for the tender dove?
O, by what road shall my heart go,
That it may seek the Palla!*

P. C. The devil has perplexed you,
And you wander in your speech.
Are there not plenty of other young girls
Who would love you before you are old?
Should the Inca hear of your love,
He would chop you into mincemeat.

Ollan. Silence! speak not to me of punishment,
Else will I lay my macana across your back.

P. C. Away, then, Piqui! fall not by his hand;
Fall not like a dog. Away, Piqui!
Each day, each night, he shall miss me;
The year shall not see me in his presence.

Ollan. Go, then; leave me, Piqui Chaqui;
Lead forth the dances of straw
With the light-footed girls on the mountains.
But for me, though enemies attack me,
Though traitors stand on every side,
Yet will I embrace my Cusi Coyllur.

P. C. If the devil should stand by you?

Ollan. Him also would I spurn with my foot.

P. C. You never yet saw the tip of his nose:
How, then, dare you speak to him?

Ollan. Cease your nonsense, Piqui, whilst I speak.
What if you could hide this bright flower?
Perchance my sweet Coyllur would see it;
And, thinking of me, speak to herself aloud.

P. C. Still perplexing yourself concerning Coyllur.
How can I help you?
Each day you grow more sad for this girl.
You forget alike the worship of Ynti
And the duty you owe to Quilla.

Ollan. You know her by sight?
How beautiful, how joyful she is!
But now you walked past her,
And beheld her, ever lovely and joyful.

P. C. Indeed, I know her not by sight.
I have indeed passed by the palace;

* Princess.

But never entered its precincts,
Or beheld the princess.

Ollan. Do you assert, then, that you never saw her?

P. C. I have only beheld in their secret abodes
The bright and adorable stars* of night.

Ollan. Go, then, with this flower to a star,—
That star most lovely of all;
More beautiful even than Ynti,
Peerless amidst the host of heaven.†

P. C. If it should be possible,
I will bribe some old man or woman;
I will be awake and try it,
And your token shall be carried to the Palla.
I, then, consent to be your messenger,
Though I am but a poor orphan.

Enter the HUILLAC UMU, or High-priest of the Sun, in a black mantle, with a knife in his hand, who thus soliloquises:

Huillac Umu. O living Sun! I watch your course
As it moves downwards in the heavens;
For you are now preparing
A thousand sacrificial llamas:
Their blood shall flow for your glory;
For you, too, are gathered the herbs of the field:
Glory to thee, O living Sun!

Ollantay. I will speak to this gazer.
O mighty prince! O Huillac Umu!
The whole people know thy power;
Receive, then, my praises.

H. U. O brave Ollantay! thy speech awakens me
From meditations on the bright deity."

Here is a song or hymn addressed to the Earth:

"To you, O wonderful Earth!
O beautiful maiden!
To an earth without sorrows,—
To you I will dedicate my song.

The fountains for you are the cradles
Of your youthful joy,
Although the cruel winter
Brings cold and rain.

But, reconquering, you will spring forth
With a new and free song;
And then you will remember
That before you were sterile.

Then you will not fear
Even the greatest dangers;
The softest herbage
Will then envelop you.

Wishing to roll onwards,
The rivers will rob you of your tears,

* "Coyllur" means a star.

† "Coyllur cusi" means stars, or hosts of heaven.

Thus inundating your face
Till they lose themselves in the sand.

But my tears, alas ! are torrents ;
With these you might satisfy yourself.
For the rains are thy sustainers :
Go forth and allure them.

Even my sighs are lost
When my heart is breaking,
And you look placidly on
Waiting for my death."

The original kingdom of Manco Ccapac was not more than eighty or ninety miles square ; but it was extended by his successors to a vast territory 2500 miles long and 600 broad, in the centre of which was Cuzco. The walls of Cuzco are the only instance of a fortification *en tenaille* known before the invention of gunpowder. "The re-entering angles," says Mr. Fergusson, "are all right angles, so contrived that every part is seen, and as perfectly flanked as the best European fortifications of the present day. It is not a little singular that this perfection should be reached by a people in South America, whilst it escaped the Greeks and Romans, as well as the mediæval engineers."

The climate of Peru is perhaps the most varied in the world. From the greatest tropical heat to the coldest regions of perpetual snow, any climate may be enjoyed, and every tree, fruit, or vegetable known in the world planted and grown ; and it is so healthy, that in one town of 4000 inhabitants there were in one year 235 births to only 40 deaths ; and in another small town at one time there were seven persons living of the respective ages of 114, 117, 121, 131, 132, 141, and 147 years.

Poor Peru ! the introduction of a republican form of government, for which it was not fitted, has turned the blessing of God into a curse. A series of military dictators rise up one after the other, and succeed to a chair rendered vacant by the execution of the former occupant,—and each change is ushered in by the blood of hundreds of victims ; and all this has been brought about by the selfish intervention of English and American citizens, who thought some advantage might accrue to their commercial prospects by an internal disturbance of the country.

Mr. Markham has so far written his history well ; but before we have done with him, we shall have one or two tough crows to pick with him. He is so full of the glories of the Incas, that he *really* can find no fault with them, or their government, or their religion ; and for the Spaniards, on

the contrary, no obloquy is enough. Indeed, he may in this be classed with Gibbon, who laments because he heard bare-footed friars singing their Breviary in the place where once stood the temple of Capitoline Jove.

“ Standing amidst these saddening relics of former greatness, I could picture to myself the change that had come over the scene since the days of incarial splendour. Where now stands the church of San Domingo, then rose that glorious fane, the temple of the Sun, with its grand central door and massive cornice of pure gold. The interior was decorated with a magnificence suited to the holy uses to which it was dedicated. A large golden sun, studded with emeralds and turquoises, covered the side facing the door; a sacred flame constantly burned before the representative of the deity; and vases of gold,—a metal which the Incas believed the tears shed by the Sun,—stood filled with sacrificial first-fruits on the floor of the temple.”

“ And all this,” continues Mr. Markham, “ is now sadly changed. The whole place now swarms with Dominican friars!” We will ask Mr. Markham, if he considers the worship of the Sun a true religion or a false one; or if he prefers it to the Catholic faith. If so, we have no more to say to him. But we know he does not mean what he says. Gibbon’s tirade springs from the intense hatred and contempt he had to Catholicism, or rather to Christianity; but Mr. Markham’s is directed rather by a mawkish antiquarian sentimentalism, which comes from the feelings rather than the reason, and which sympathises with any thing rather than that which is actually existing. We do not defend the Spaniards—God knows, the earlier conquerors of the Incas acted cruelly enough!—nor will we defend their wanton destruction of many beautiful buildings and works of art. We must say, however, they were quite right in removing the idols and other religious emblems to which the people were attached; and one thing must be observed, that they have converted the entire people they conquered to the Christian faith, and raised them up in the scale of civilisation to an equality with themselves, to such a degree, as we said before, that the Indian language bids fair to supersede the Spanish; and there have been as many presidents and other high officers of the republic of Indian descent as of Spanish, some of the highest Spanish nobility having incarial blood in their veins, while the inhabitants of the United States, and other Protestant settlers in America, are gradually extirpating the aboriginal race, and are absolutely doing nothing to raise them from their superstitions and barbarism. Did the Spaniards behave more cruelly to the Indians than the Americans do now? as

witness the following passage. We quote from Madame Pfeiffer's *Second Journey round the World*; and hundreds of other examples might be given :

“ These Indians of California are represented as treacherous, cowardly, and revengeful; and only attacking the whites when they find one alone. But, after all, what other means have they of attack against the well-armed whites — the domineering race from which they have so much to suffer? Revenge is really natural to man; and if the whites had suffered as many wrongs from them as they from the whites, I rather think they too would have felt the desire of revenge. In the country I passed through yesterday I saw several burnt and devastated wigwams, whence the people had been driven out by force because they would not willingly give up their native soil to a stranger; and besides taking their lands, the whites seduced their wives and daughters” — (the Spanish married the daughters of the men they conquered) — “and when they cannot succeed in this, sometimes seize them by open violence. A case of this kind occurred in Crescent City while I was there. Three miles from the town some Americans had settled as farmers; and one day, when a native was passing the door with his wife on his way to the town, these ruffians sprang out of their dwelling, snatched the woman from the side of her husband, dragged her into the house, and locked the door. The poor Indian screamed and yelled, and struck the door, demanding his wife; but instead of giving up their prey these civilised men rushed out again, beat the Indian furiously, and drove him away. The poor fellow came all bruised to the town, and made his complaint; and what was his redress? The villains were recommended to make it up with the Indian, and give him some glass-beads and similar trumpery by way of compensation. Outrages of this kind are naturally made known from tribe to tribe; and then it certainly does happen that when solitary whites come among them, they seek to retaliate.”

There are two ways of colonising a country: one by mixing with the aboriginal inhabitants, which is the only true way; the other by keeping aloof from them and oppressing them, as barbarian conquerors would do; and this latter way is the only one the Anglo-Saxon race seems capable of. Mr. Markham laments the old Indian buildings and temples overthrown by the Spanish conqueror. The Spaniards, however, erected much handsomer churches and buildings in their place; but if the destruction of native buildings is to be taken as a proof of the barbarism of a conqueror, in what light must the conduct of the English in the East Indies be viewed? We quote again from Fergusson:

"The most beautiful of the Pathon palaces was that built at Agra by Sher Shah. Being the first, it had the misfortune to be placed on the highest spot within the walls of the fortress. Hence the present enlightened government of India, fancying this a good site for a barrack, pulled it down, and replaced it by a more than usually hideous brick erection of their own, looming in whitewashed ugliness over the marble palaces of the Moguls.

"How much of this magnificent palace (at Futtipore Sicri) remains, it is impossible to say. When I was there, the government were selling the stones at ten rupees the hundred maunds—a little less than it would cost to quarry them. I saw one of the noblest bowlees being so destroyed by the Company's servants, and its materials being carted away to build the wretched barree of a neighbouring zemindar. 200% or 300% might thus be added to a revenue of $22\frac{1}{2}$ millions, which, thanks to these Moguls, we are able to wring from the poorest peasantry in the world."

Talk of Spanish barbarism after that! We have not, however, yet done with the subject. Do our readers want to know the different ways in which the Protestant North and Catholic South Americans treat their slaves? We need quote no instances of the dreadful state of the unhappy negro in the slave-states of North America. It is but too well known in England; and we have come to the conclusion that no Protestant is fit to be trusted with slaves: he treats them as beasts of burden, and as beings without a soul. Let Mr. Markham witness how they are treated in Catholic Peru:

"The negroes of Conete appear a happy and contented race; and, though their labour is forced, they receive clothing, food, and lodging, and escape the capitation-tax* of the oppressed Indians of the sierra. Early in the morning one is roused by the voices of the young girls and women, when they all repair to the door of the chapel before going to work, and chant a hymn of praise upon their knees. This is repeated at sunset, when the day's work is concluded.

All the married slaves are allowed a piece of ground rent-free, where they grow vegetables, and breed pigs and poultry; while their children may be seen driving donkey-loads of provisions towards the town, and sitting before their heaps of fruit and vegetables in the market-place of Yea. They are thus enabled to earn money, and live in comparative comfort."

The white slaveholders of Peru sometimes intermarry with the blacks. What would the puritanical New-England abolitionists say to this?

* Now abolished.

There is only one more thing to which we shall allude, and that is, the subject of religion in Peru. Here is a passage from Mr. Markham, on which we must make some comments :

“The present hierarchy of Peru is composed of respectable and learned men. Among the former may be placed Don Eugenio Jara y Mendoza, Bishop of Cuzco ; Santiago Ofelan, Bishop of Ayachucho ; Pedro Ortiz, of Chachapoyas ; and Goyeneche, the enormously rich Bishop of Arequipa. Among the latter are Don Agustin Charras, Bishop of Truxillo ; and the late Dr. Luna Pizarro, Archbishop of Lima. But this respectability and this learning are far from extending as a general rule to the inferior clergy.”

We can easily guess where Mr. Markham picked up this information ; for in other parts of the book he says so many kind things of the clergy, both regular and secular, especially all he came in contact with, that we are quite sure he believed what he wrote. It is a thing we have experienced ourselves many times. There are in every foreign town a set of ill-disposed young men, who spend all their time in *cafés* and *estaminets*, and hang themselves on to every stranger who comes into the place. These men have a settled set of stories and ribald jokes against the Church and clergy, and of course retail them with infinite gusto ; and they are greedily swallowed by our credulous fellow-countrymen, together with the *demi-tasse* and *petite-goutte* of brandy which they pay for in return for all this interesting information—all of course a parcel of lies. We think we can show from Mr. Markham's own book that the inferior clergy are equal to the superior :

“It was refreshing to hear of the good deeds of old Friar Esquebias from his parishioners ; of his having expended the whole of his patrimony in restoring the church, and performing deeds of charity to the poor ; of his kindness to the sick and needy, and of his devotion to his duties.

If the Jesuit missionaries of the Amazon are to be judged by the permanent good they have effected among the Indians, small indeed will be the meed of praise that can be allotted to them ; but if we forget for a moment the ungenerous hatred with which Protestant English are accustomed to pursue the name of a Jesuit, and calmly consider the privation and misery they underwent, their banishment from society, their cheerful sacrifice of self,—all undertaken for the glory of God,—then shall we recognise in these devoted men, however blind their obedience to an earthly master, or great their religious errors, the earnest though erring followers of our Redeemer, and confess that, with Hans Egide, the apostle of Greenland, they might fairly exclaim, ‘We have laboured in vain, we have spent our strength for naught and in vain ; yet surely our judgment is with the Lord, and our work with our God.’”

Fair enough for a Protestant; as is the following on the Spanish Inquisition:

“It was not long after the conquest, before the Inquisition, that fearful engine of the despotic power of Spain, was established in Peru. It is a mistake to suppose the Inquisition was a Popish institution in all its bearings. It was peculiarly a Spanish institution, at least in its worst and most fearful form; and while the Spaniards used it as a cloak to the most hideous enormities, the Popes were often to be found expostulating against the cruelties it perpetrated. The Inquisition was not so much a religious as a political institution, used by the kings of Spain to render themselves absolute; and when at one time it pronounced the sale of horses or munitions to France to be heresy, it will hardly be contended that the Inquisition was not the tool of the civil power.”

Mr. Markham, in the places where he attacks the inferior clergy as he calls them, always excepts the Jesuits and Franciscans; indeed, he blames in severe terms the Spanish government for the expulsion of the former, and the consequent relapse of so many poor Indians to heathenism. Perhaps Spain might have held South America to this very day, had the Jesuits remained. The Franciscans, too, he praises for their unheard-of and dangerous labours among the savage wild tribes of Indians: dangerous, indeed, when only a year or two ago twenty-seven poor friars were killed in one day by the Chunchas. How is it we hear nothing of these missions in the French annals?

But of the Dominicans,—whether it is that they presided over the Inquisition, or whether on account of their unfortunately having built a convent out of the ruins of the temple of the Sun, or something else we are not aware of,—Mr. Markham has an intense dislike:

“The friars, especially the Dominicans, are very dirty”—(perhaps that is it, after all)—“First came the Dominicans, who established the religion of Christ with fire and sword; they established their convent on the ruins of the temple of the Sun in 1534.”

But the worst thing in his book is his quoting with approval a tirade against Pope Pius IX. by an Italian liberal. We will not quote the disgusting ribaldry; but we should like to ask this gentleman, who wishes to see an independent Italy under a national Pope (for he is not a Mazzinian), and that Pope elected by the Italian people—whether we, the non-Italian Catholics of Europe, go for nothing in the Church? We admire the pretensions of these Italians, who modestly think that the ruler of 150,000,000 of subjects ought to be elected by the 2,000,000 inhabitants of the Papal States; about

as decent a request as that the inhabitants of Windsor should elect to the throne of England. We have magnanimously acquiesced in the arrangement that the Pope and majority of cardinals should be Italians. We have debarred ourselves from the highest places in the Church, to which we are equally entitled with themselves, and do not presume to put our foot beyond the outer court of the gentiles to suit their convenience:—and all to no purpose; they use the most infamous language against the Pope for presuming to raise a few Austrian and French bishops to the conclave, and for having what they call a foreign army in Rome. These gentlemen ought to know, that there is a growing feeling that Italians have been far too highly favoured in the Church; and that if they kick so hard against a Pope, as a native prince, flogging them with feathers, a time may come when they may get a Pope, as a foreign conqueror, who will flog them with scorpions, forced on them by the Catholic people of the rest of Europe. We rejoice that the Pope holds Rome with what they call a foreign army;—foreign to them perhaps, and disgraceful to them, as it shows their turbulent spirit; but not foreign to the Pope, as the Pope knows neither foreigner nor country. All mankind are *his* subjects; all the earth is his possession.

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Clare Maitland. (Burns and Lambert.) “Clare Maitland” is a story of convent school-life, interesting from its being perfectly natural and genuine, and from the straightforward unaffectedness of its style. There is nothing in it that might not happen any day to any girls similarly situated. In a day when we are wearied with laboured attempts at stories for young people, compounded in cold blood by writers who have lost all real sympathy for child-life, such a sketch as *Clare Maitland* is a welcome novelty both to young and old. It has a further merit in it, that it is pious without being “preachy,” and that when the author ventures on a little bit of meditation, she does not remind us of the worst parts of a bad sermon.

The Youthful Martyrs of Rome, a Christian Drama, adapted from “Fabiola.” By the Very Rev. F. Oakeley. (Burns and Lambert.) We gather from Mr. Oakeley’s preface that he found it an easy matter to dramatise Cardinal Wiseman’s story. Knowing what dismal affairs such dramatisings generally are, and how easy it is to manufacture them, we congratulate him on proving an exception to the general rule. He has done his work both easily and well. It reads well, and would act still better.

Popular Tales and Sketches. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. (Lambert and Co.) Irish Protestants' writings are not generally such as we can recommend. The "black" Protestantism of Irish Orangemen usually taints every thing they touch. Mrs. S. C. Hall is an exception to the rule, and the volume before us is a favourable specimen of the feminine and graceful tone of her books. The "humorous" sketches are also really humorous.

Colonial Constitutions: an Outline of the Constitutional History and existing Government of the British Dependencies. By Arthur Mills, Esq. (London, Murray.) Mr. Mills makes a dry subject drier, and commands an inattention to matters which every one is too liable to pass over. His meagre introduction shows the reading rather of an Oxford student than of a man of the world; and his mere synoptical outline is lengthened out with schedules of orders-in-council, statutes, and parliamentary documents, which give his book the appearance, though not the utility, of an index or a dictionary.

Diary of the Crimean War. By F. Robinson, M.D. (London, Bentley.) This diary differs from most of its fellows in being a larger book, and in being graced with the portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, to whom it is dedicated. As to its contents, we may content ourselves with a quotation which occurs very often in the text—"nothing new."

The Life of the Rev. Jos. Beaumont, M.D. By his son, J. Beaumont. (London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) This is a memoir of a Wesleyan minister who was much respected in his circle, and whose life and death are described in the queer language appropriated to Protestant hagiology; one object of the writers of which branch of literature appears to be to expose certain favourite texts of Scripture to the jests of the ungodly. Take, for instance, the account of the sermons preached on his death. Dr. Dixon, a "distinguished" Wesleyan divine, took for his text the words "'an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures;'" and," proceeds the author, "fitly chosen was his subject. Many also were the ministers of the Established and other churches, as well as of the Wesleyans, who placed before their congregations, in the shape of funeral sermons, the noble example which his life and death afforded, 'praising the dead which were already dead.' Some of these sermons were preached in quarters where they were least expected," &c.

Now, not to mention the slipshod way in which the author uses the word subject for text—the subject of the sermon we presume was Dr. Beaumont—or the funny idea of a noble example being modelled into a funeral sermon, what can be more offensive than the affected way of lugging in by head and shoulders such very oriental, and, in their isolation, even ludicrous expressions, as "mighty in the Scriptures," and "the dead which are already dead"? In their own poetical framing they are jewels; as they are set in Mr. Beaumont's blurred prose, they are "as jewels of gold in a swine's snout,"—to avail ourselves of his license of scriptural quotation. The carnal, judaical, millennarian, sensual character of Protestantism is very distinct in this Wesleyan minister, in whose life, as in that of all ministers of his persuasion

"The matin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are tuned to merrier notes—increase and multiply."

"Through the tender mercy of my indulgent God," he says, "I am in the enjoyment of good health, and encircled by kind friends. My present situation is altogether a very desirable one; here I dwell in the

bosom of a family pious, happy, and affectionate, where I have all things to enjoy. The circuit (preaching-district) is very compact; and I am only one night in a month from home."

What Sadducee ever imagined a more complete Mahometan Paradise?

Madeline Clare, or the Important Secret. By Colburn Mayne, Esq. In 3 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) There is one important secret at least on which Colburn Mayne, Esq. throws very little light, and that is, the secret of writing English; we have only read three pages of the three volumes, and are perfectly convinced that a person who can write such a sentence as this (a fair sample) cannot have written a tale that is worth the trouble of reading. He writes of "cottage-gardens, where flourished, with many hardy English flowers, as well those herbs which suited for seasoning or for medicine—to the poor so often supply the place of the apothecary and the cook." Fancy Herb Basil dispensing medicines as apothecary, and Sweet Marjoram officiating as cook! The idea of the sentence is ridiculous; as for the syntax, it passeth all understanding.

Benedictus, adapted to a Quartett from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." By C. J. Hargitt. (Ewer and Co.) We are not generally tolerant of adaptations, disliking them especially when sacred words are put to music originally operative, and almost equally when a good instrumental composition is turned into a bad vocal piece. Mr. Hargitt's adaptation of this delightful quartett in the *Elijah* is obnoxious to neither of these objections. The music is fitted for a Benedictus, and we hope it may tempt some of our Catholic singers to make themselves more acquainted with Mendelssohn's music than we fear is the case with many of them at present.

Correspondence.

R. P. S. ON THE DOCTRINE OF ORIGINAL SIN AND THE DESTINY OF THE UNREGENERATE.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—I have heard that my last letter to you has been characterised by persons for whom I entertain the sincerest respect as "theologically unsound, and untenable by any Catholic."

Will you allow me to show, in contradiction to this, that it is held and has been held by many Catholics, and that in spite of the protests of very eminent men, and with the knowledge, sanction, and consent of the Holy See?

The celebrated Abbé Martinet, better known by his *nom de guerre* Timon (*La Science de la Vie*, leçon 25), adopts the views of Cardinal Sfondrati on the natural happiness of unregenerate infants (I shall have occasion to recur to these views in the sequel), and clearly lays down the following principles, which are the same as those which I maintained in my first letter in July:

"When Catholics speak of a salvation which cannot be obtained outside the Church, they always mean, not a mere exemption from the torments of hell, and a life *naturally* happy, but the supreme, immeasurable, and infinite happiness of a close and eternal union with God.

This felicity is so great, that to a Christian, and indeed to any soul that understands any thing of the meaning of the word 'God,' all happiness that does not partake of the clear and direct intuition of Him is as nothing, nay, is *relatively* a state of misery. No one is *saved*, in Christian parlance, but the blessed who see God face to face. All the others, however little their misery, however happy they may be supposed to be, are not the less reprobate, damned, lost, when we consider the fundamental idea of reprobation. Damnation is the privation of the sight of God. But the inherent pain of this privation, the sense of this *pœna damni*, will be proportionate to the abuse of light."

This book was published with the approbation of the Bishop of Annecy; in it the author refers with great praise to a work of Father Actorie, priest of the congregation of St. Basil (*De l'Origine et de la Réparation du Mal*, Paris, 1851), from which I make the following extracts:

P. 54. "Catholics, who know by faith the greatness of the glory of heaven, will always deplore its loss for unbaptised infants, who are restricted to a merely natural felicity. But the heart of man left to himself asks and conceives nothing better. The pagans wished nothing more than Olympus and Elysium."

P. 68. "The first corrupters of nations were guilty: but their successors, who had forgotten the primitive faith, and whose only moral code was established custom, were almost incapable (*dans l'impossibilité*) of offending God, and of transgressing a law which they knew not."

P. 70. Speaking of these degraded and ignorant pagan nations, he says: "What will you do with these *infant* peoples? They are guilty of their excesses, for they still have a glimmer of reason; they are not grievously guilty, because they have a limited intelligence, and know neither the law nor its author. Slight faults deserve not an eternal chastisement. One day, therefore, they will be delivered, and will stand before the justice of God with only original guilt upon them, and in the same state as infants not regenerated by the sacrament of adoption."

P. 71. "If among instructed pagans there are found any just men, faithful observers of the law of nature, and always docile to the impressions of their conscience, *God will treat them at least as favourably as unbaptised infants*, or He will reveal to them what they ought to believe, in order to be received among the predestined."

It is noticeable that both these clergymen are writing against the same class of heretical and infidel objectors which I had in view in writing my letter.

Perrone, in his tract *De Gratia*, among many other things that I might quote, says as follows (No. 591):

"If the state of these infants (who die without baptism) is considered *relatively* to supernatural beatitude, which they have forfeited by original sin, it must be reckoned as punishment and damnation, and such infants are, at least negatively, turned away from God. But if their state is considered in itself, and absolutely, since man has lost nothing of his natural gifts by sin, the condition of these infants is the same as it would have been if Adam had neither sinned, nor had been raised to a supernatural state, *i. e.* had been in the state of pure nature."

"To the *judicium discussionis* neither are these infants obnoxious, nor those infidels in whom faith was not the foundation of merit." These two classes, infants and negative infidels, he unites into one, and treats as belonging to but one scheme of providence, "whether in infancy or in the state of perpetual infancy." This appears to me to be the great question: how much latitude are we to give to the term "infants"? What

amount of idiocy, or ignorance, or want of opportunity, is sufficient to make an adult theologically speaking an infant?

Now to go to an older authority—Cardinal Sfondrati, abbot of St. Gall, author of several works (among others a beautiful book on the Immaculate Conception) published at Rome, in 1696, a volume entitled *Nodus Predestinationis resolutus*, which caused a considerable disturbance. The Jansenists were furious. Bossuet, with two French archbishops and two other bishops, wrote to Pope Innocent XII. a long letter, with propositions extracted for condemnation; but this Pope, and his successor Clement XI., after causing the book to be examined by two commissions, peremptorily refused to censure it. The book itself I have not been able to procure; but I have read Bossuet's letter, and another epistle of one Père Bossu, a rabid Jansenist, in opposition to it. From these letters I will extract the propositions which the Holy See in so marked a manner refused to censure:

“As far as relates to infants who die without baptism, He has excluded them from the kingdom of heaven, as guilty of their fathers' fault, and unexpiated; but He has not excluded them from natural good, and has preserved them from sin and from eternal punishment, which they would have incurred had they grown up. And this is clearly a great piece of grace and love; since the simple preservation from sin is of more value and greater worth than the kingdom of heaven itself, which, if they had the choice, they had rather forfeit than be involved in sin. They cannot therefore be called neglected, who have such a gift, and are delivered from so great an evil.”

“In this matter of infants we must consider that, though God has not admitted them to glory, He has granted them another and much greater benefit, which they themselves would choose far before heaven; and which we, if we had the choice, should think worth much more than heaven. . . . How, then, can they complain of God, or what evil has He done them, if He has granted them, not indeed heaven, but another gift, which is much better than heaven, and which they and all wise men would prefer to heaven? . . . Therefore there is no cause of grief or complaining, but rather of joy and thankfulness.” . . . “For to be delivered from actual sin, mortal or venial, is better than heaven.” . . . “The gift of personal innocence and freedom from sin is so great, that the infants themselves would a thousand times rather lose heaven than be implicated in a single sin. And there is no Christian but should be of the same mind.”

These infants, he says in another place, are destined for a natural, not for a supernatural end: “We must confess that God never willed eternal life to those infants who are carried off before baptism: they pertain to *another end and class of Providence*.”

After infants, he considers the case of adults; and Bossuet and his fellow-prelates submit the following propositions to the Pope for condemnation:

“Granting that they (the Indians of Brazil, &c.) had such ignorance of God (invincible), this also is a great piece of favour and kindness.” . . . “For since sin is essentially an offence and injury done to God, take away knowledge of God, and it necessarily follows that there is neither injury, nor offence, nor eternal punishment.”

Bossuet says that this proposition is identical with that of the *peccatum philosophicum* condemned by Alexander VIII., A.D. 1690, as rash, offensive, and erroneous, namely, that “a sin against moral philosophy, although grave, in one who is either ignorant of God, or is not actually thinking of God, is a grave sin, but not an offence to God, nor a mor-

tal sin destructive of the love of God, nor worthy of eternal punishment." However, the Roman theologians did not confirm Bossuet's assertion.

Cardinal Sfondrati also says of these same ignorant pagans: "Therefore, since they would be rendered impeccable by such ignorance, when otherwise, if they had knowledge, they would most assuredly sin, it follows that this also is a favour, according to the words of St. Peter: 'For it was better for them not to know the way of justice, than, after knowing, to turn back from the holy commandment given to them.'"

To these authorities I will at present add but one more: Bourdaloue, in his sermon on the Last Judgment, part first, says—

"In the judgment of God, there will be *an INFINITE difference* between a pagan, who has never known the Christian law, and a Christian, who knew it and in his heart renounced it. And God, following the simple dictates of His justice, will treat the one very differently from the other. It is well known that a pagan, to whom the law of Jesus Christ has not been preached, will not be judged by that law, and that God, in His absolute power, will with it observe the natural equity of not condemning him for a law which He has not communicated to him."

I have much more to say; but these authorities, all of them of a period when such questions were in debate, are sufficient to show that the opinions I hold are at least admissible.—I am, &c. R. P. S.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MR. EDITOR,—Some sensation has been caused by a letter in your Number of this month on the subject of "Original Sin." There cannot be a more important subject. There cannot be a subject on which it is more mischievous to speak incorrectly, more hazardous to speak any thing novel—any thing of one's own. There is not a subject which has been more thoroughly and minutely subjected to theological investigation, from the time of Pelagius to that of Baius and Jansenius. It seems difficult to imagine any large question relating to it which has not been started and discussed, or any statement upon it which has not been received or condemned by divines, tolerated or countenanced, as the case may be.

However, in this well-trodden ground your correspondent considers a certain large field, situated in the very midst of its most prominent portions, as yet unexplored. "He has not found," he says, certain "very difficult subjects professedly treated of in the books which he has read," which must mean, that he believes that they have escaped formal discussion: else of course he would read more before writing. Next, he considers he has found the right and true determination upon them in the poem of Dante, which leads him to "conceive that he has a perfect right as a Catholic, not only to hold it, but to blazon it to the Universalist as *THE (sic) Catholic doctrine on the subject.*"

Considering, then, the importance of his subject, the novelty of his views, and the publicity he wishes to give to them, it is important to your Catholic readers to know whether they rightly apprehend him.

I beg, therefore, to ask him whether he does not, in the article in question, hold the following three propositions:

First Proposition. Man has, *in hac providentiâ, i. e.* in the present scheme of Providence, a natural end or destiny, namely, the natural knowledge and enjoyment of God.

Second Proposition. Man in his fallen nature (*in lapsâ naturâ*) may attain to his natural end by the observance of the natural law, all the obligations of which he can fulfil by his own natural strength, aided by a special help of God (natural grace), and without the grace of Christ (*gratia Redemptoris*).

Third Proposition. Man, in his fallen nature (*lapsa natura*), can, without being raised to the state of adoption, obtain the remission of mortal sin committed against the natural law.

These propositions are to be found, I think, almost in the words in which they stand, repeated more than once in R. P. S.'s letter. Still, it is of the utmost importance that, on a subject of such magnitude, there should be no room for misapprehension.

You will therefore confer a favour upon me by inserting this letter.

I have the honour to be, Mr. Editor, your most obedient servant,

May 20, 1856.

J. S. F.

P.S. I need scarcely remark, that an affirmation of the first of the above propositions will not be understood as involving a denial of what your correspondent explicitly asserts beyond it, namely, that man has *also a supernatural end*.

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—In connection with your article on Mrs. Fitzherbert in the last Number of the *Rambler*, I send you the following extract from a book entitled *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by William J. O'Daunt, Esq. (London, Chapman and Hall, 1848.)

"I believe," added O'Connell, "that there never was a greater scoundrel than George IV. To his other evil qualities he added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner Mrs. Fitzherbert said, 'By the by, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you what you *did* say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent things so very strangely, that one cannot depend upon them. You were made to say that the prince authorised you to deny his marriage with me.' The prince immediately made monitory signs to Fox, and said, 'Upon my honour, my dear, I never authorised him to deny it.' 'Upon my honour, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from the table: 'I always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now I see that *you* are.'"

Fox would not associate with the prince for some years after; until one day he walked in unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the prince entered, and said, "That he had but one course consistent with his duty as a hospitable English gentleman, and that was to admit him" (p. 132).

Unfortunately no authority is given for this story: I mean, O'Connell does not refer to any individual from whom he heard it. I give it, therefore (such as it is), thinking it may interest or amuse your readers. —I am, &c.

J. DALTON.

Northampton, May 6th, 1856.

